

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

22nd Year. No. 20.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 17, 1906.

THOMAS H. LUCAS,
Commissioner.

Price 5 Cents.



The General and His Latest Grand-Daughter, Little Muriel Booth-Tucker.

A Blessed Blunder.

Three Souls Saved Instead of One, Through a Mistake.

By Captain Bowering.

Perhaps the following may be of interest. A few days ago a girl came to the quarters' door and asked me to visit a woman by the name of Hancock, who was very sick and anxious for some person to pray with her. I knew of another person by the same name who was sick, and thought that this was the person who wished me to visit her, so I started off for her home. I went in and started talking to the old lady about her soul, just as if she had sent for me. I read a passage of Scripture and we got on our knees. I asked the woman's husband, who was saved, to pray. Then we sang a chorus and I prayed, and the old lady started praying, and prayed and prayed until she prayed herself into the light. Just after she got through the daughter came in and asked me if I had been sent for by any person. When I told her I had, she said that it was another Mrs. Hancock who had sent for me (a poor widow). So we started off for her dwelling. When we got there we found the poor woman in a very poor condition, both of body and soul. We went to God on her behalf, and soon she was on her feet clapping her hands; but she was a poor doubtful soul, and would believe for a while and then doubt again. At last she said she believed God had saved her. Meanwhile a few of the soldiers and friends had gathered in, and among them a woman whom Mrs. Hancock had been at variance with. They took hold of each others' hands, and the other, who was a backslider, began to encourage Mrs. Hancock all she could, and while doing so got in earnest about her own soul and got saved too. Two nights after we had a meeting near by in one of the cottages, and two other backsliders came home.

As Others See Us.

The Salvation Army as Seen by a Journalist.

How many men are there in a great city who never hear the name of Jesus, unless in blasphemy? The correct citizen who dwells in the bosom of his family, sees that religious devotions are a part of the household routine, and finds himself in his pew regularly every Sunday, has little idea of the lot which falls to his less fortunate brethren.

It is the policeman on his beat, the sergeant in the station-house, the turnkey in the cell-room, the deputy at the morgue, and the newspaper reporter, who sees the seamy side of life; who knows the depth to which vice descends; who witnesses the tragedies which are all too common even in the city of Pittsburgh, where the worship of the world, the flesh and the devil is as wholesale as it is everywhere else.

Every night in the year, no matter how inclement the weather, the down-town branch of the Salvation Army holds a meeting in Diamond Street in front of the Dispatch building. I have often watched these gatherings. The proceedings open with prayer. Down on their knees in the middle of the street go man and lass, the head reverently bowed as the aspirations ascend. As they proceed the crowd gradually assembles, drawn from the maelstrom of sin.

Presently there is a gathering of two or three hundred around the performers. Most of them come to scoff, some of them stay to pray. Of the harangues and the hymns it is needless to say much. Both are homely. "The Good Old Summer Time," "In the Sweet By-and-By," and "There Will be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night," are only a few of the airs to which their sacred songs are sung. I saw a boozey individual do a cakewalk "stunt" last evening during the rendition of one of their "hymns."

But it is the crowd which affords the study. Men whose knees have not bowed at the

mention of the holy Name since the days of childhood, and women who are more familiar with the fumes of a cigarette than the fragrance of incense are there. Some of them come every night, but for the most part the crowd is a different one. I have seen tears come from the eyes set in the hardest faces, and sighs heave the bosoms of those who for years sighed for naught save forbidden fruit.

In Heaven's name how can these men and women be brought to the portals of any church? After all, are the grand and stately piles of stone and brick and mortar built for the reception of these unfortunates? How are they to know there is a God in heaven, or a life everlasting, in any other way than in the chapel of the jail or the penitentiary—after they get there?

So that is why we say, "God bless the Salvation Army!" May heaven reward the humble lass who, with guitar in hand, strums her way into the hearts of the meek and lowly and those who are sick of heart. For it was Jesus Himself who said: "I say unto you that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

TAKING TIME FOR PRAYER.

Time spent in gaining needed strength is never time lost. Time spent in work, when it ought to be spent in another way, is always wasted time. One who needs regular physical exercise in order to maintain a normal working health will not do more work, but less, if he uses for his work the time that ought to go to exercise. One who omits his meals in order to have more time for work is not likely to accomplish as much as he would in less time with a nourished body. It is easier to recognize these facts in connection with bodily food and exercise than as true of our spiritual strength. But we can better afford to miss a meal than omit our regular time of prayer. The man who resolutely puts prayer in first place daily, taking time for it, or rising earlier rather than let it be crowded out, is better equipped, and can do more work in less time, than any man can hope to do without thus laying hold of Omnipotence. Let us not foolishly seek to gain time at the expense of communion with Him Whose single day is as a thousand years.

PLAYING AT BEING ILL.

A celebrated French writer and actor had composed a famous comedy describing the imaginary ailments of a man who was always fancying that he was sick. Everybody was delighted with the play, which became one of the most famous that has ever been composed in the French language. One day, while acting the part of the sick man, before the king and all his court, in a crowded house, the author of the play fell dead upon the stage.

Ah, how many treat sin as an imaginary evil! How they make light of death! How they make sport of God's wrath! How they trifle with the great salvation remedy! But it is all real. This is no make-believe. Sin is real. Death is real. Judgment is real. And, thank God, salvation, too, is real. Seek it here and now.

PRICELESS GIFTS.

John Ruskin, in counting up the blessings of his childhood, reckoned these three for first good: Peace—he had been taught the meaning of peace in thought, act, and word; had never heard father's or mother's voice raised in any dispute, nor seen an angry glance in the eye of either, nor had even seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter. Next to this he estimated obedience—he obeyed a word or lifted finger of father or mother as a ship her helm, without an idea of resistance. And, lastly, faith—nothing was ever promised him that was not given; nothing ever threatened him that was not inflicted, and nothing ever told him that was not true.—Harbert.

Mrs. Commissioner McKie

AND THE GIRL WHO THOUGHT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE.

"It is not possible. It might be for others, but it is not for me. I have had bad habits from the time I was a child—yes, I was born bad; and therefore I will never be able to conquer." And she looked in my face with great earnestness, convincing me that she believed what she said, and that she had the worst possible opinion of herself.

Men are not all alike; and some may think it strange—though it is true, nevertheless—that it always does me good to be in the presence of someone who has a thoroughly had opinion of himself. In this world you may meet in a day about twenty people who are "all good," and perhaps not one who will tell you honestly, "Yes, I am a sinner"; so to my heart it is always a kind of relief when I find a black sheep—or, rather, a black sheep who will not endeavor to pose as other than a black sheep, for there are scores black who try to show themselves white.

To go on with my conversation, I looked searchingly into her young face. The marks of sin showed already; but the grey eye was clear, and the mouth showed energy—though hitherto used in the wrong direction. She was one of those girls not yet hard enough to cover up the unhappiness found in a life of sin, not proud enough to stand alone and work, and yet too proud to confess to her friends that she detested them and their life, and had but one desire—to leave it alone.

She wondered that I did not speak, but did not feel annoyed that I looked long at her before answering. It may have been that my look expressed such a different sentiment to that she was accustomed to meet. At last I broke the silence.

"And why, my dear girl, did you come to me, when you feel it is impossible for you to live a better life?"

"Because," she said, in the same frank way, "I wanted to open my heart to you, and to ask if you think there is hope for me."

This time tears flowed freely down her cheeks; and when once the ice is broken, soul-work is easy, under God's guidance.

"Certainly, my lassie; there is hope for every sinner, and there is hope for you. If your sin is inherited, if you have been 'born bad,' and through unfortunate circumstances have been almost driven to wrong-doing; if you have been in sin for years, still there is hope for you, through the precious blood of Jesus."

There flashed an expression over her face not to be described—an expression the cleverest artist could not depict, however skillful his hand. The "blood of Christ" once more won the victory, and a trembling heart was poured out in repentance. Yes, there was hope; and through this "precious blood" there is hope for every erring soul.

The blood of Jesus! Every chain may be broken through Him who died for you and me. The chains of inheritance, of bad habits, of passion—not one chain, but every chain. He can set every sinner free, not "somebody else," but "me." Oh, dear reader, if you would only try and grasp it; and if your faith is weak, and your heart is sad, lift up your head to-day and say it, "The blood of Jesus can break every chain—can break my chains."

Everyone, however humble, has a mission to do, or say, or think, something which has never been done, or said, or thought; therefore, let each one, while gratefully accepting the help and profiting by the wisdom of others, cultivate his own individuality, live his independent life, and fulfil his own possibilities.

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Wherein Jack

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[Our New Serial.]

THE DESERTER'S RETURN.

The Story of Jack—A Brand Plucked from the Burning.

By Mrs. Staff-Captain Simco.

Chapter I.

Wherein Jack Runs Away from Home, and Meets Two Strange Processions.

Jack was a Britisher, of the Yorkshire type. Born under the eaves of the high-walled cathedral city of York, he developed a daring, reckless, roving spirit, despite the tight discipline of his father, who believed it better to use the rod than spoil the child.

At six years old this boy destined to wander recklessly over two continents in search of satisfaction, determined to see the world for himself and started off in quest. He eluded the ticket examiner, and safely esconced his small being in a third-class railway carriage; but when the guard discovered him, demure and peaceful without a ticket, or its face value in hard cash, he promptly discredited the made-up story about "going to visit his aunt," and landed the precocious youngster back under the paternal roof, where a stern application of a whip was dose enough to limit any further exploiting expeditions.

Happy schooldays followed. Jack was fond of study, and made the best of his chances in the private school—not that he was not equally fond of fun and mischief. Many was the school-day trick and merry round of frolic in which his whole-souled ardor and reckless enthusiasm made him a leader of less high-spirited lads.

At twelve years the necessary education was considered complete, and he was sent to learn a stone-mason's trade. This did not, however, suit his tastes, and twelve months later he accepted a clerkship in a dry goods store.

This period marks his first acquaintance with the Army.

Jack always declares it was a case of "love at first sight," although the story of those days was not marked with the processional attractiveness of a well-equipped brass band in full regimental splendor!

York I. was in process of opening, under the leadership of the General himself—he and his followers were accompanied, "bon gre mal gre," by a unique skeleton battalion of bums and toughs, hired by the proprietor of a bacon factory to advertise his wares! This motley procession, headed by two clowns, found huge sport in preceding the Salvation Army's primitive little detachment, which came in for a generous shower of missiles, garbage, dust, and soot!

Jack followed in the rear, with hosts of other small boys, but he admired the courage of those early Salvationists, and believed in their religion!

Oftimes, when supposed to be at church, he was taking stolen visits to the Army barracks, and could not rehearse the parson's text in consequence, to the surprise of his friends!

"Rough and stormy was the road" the Army traveled in those days, but the sterling mettle of character produced was all the better for it.

A girl Lieutenant who persistently held open-air in the fish-market was sentenced to imprisonment in York Jail. She bore it for Jesus' sake victoriously, but right-minded citizens were roused to indignation, and a demonstration of Christians of all denominations paraded the Market Square one certain Sunday morning in protest.

Jack proudly took his place in it as a member of the Methodist Band, which he had recently joined.

Chapter II.

Wherein He Emigrates—Renews Acquaintance with the S. A.—Crosses the Border—A Day of Tragedy.

When Jack was about fifteen his parents determined to emigrate—left the Old Country to try their fortunes in the new. The crossing was not accomplished with quite so much ease and comfort as is the case to-day. Violent



The Runaway Tells His First Lie.

storms delayed and even endangered the steamship to such a degree that the captain never left the bridge for two days and two nights. But after calling at Newfoundland for respite and repairs, the vessel steamed safely through all, landing her passengers eventually at Halifax. Thence the family migrated to Toronto, and for a term of years resided there, previous to going further west to the prairie lands.

In the neighborhood of the old Lippincott corps, Jack once again renewed acquaintance with the Army. He had an innate conviction that his place was in the ranks, but officership meant a sudden termination to dazzling monetary prospects which so allure the more than ordinary ambition, and Jack could not make up his mind to that.

The now-glorified Mrs. Colonel Marshall was leading on the corps, in her maiden days, assisted by Lieut. Glass. Persistently, and with unmistakable clearness she taught the character of sin and its inevitable judgment. Perhaps it seemed like vain repetition week after week, and month after month, to insist on such elementary truths. But in the mature light of to-day Jack looks back and thanks God for those indelible lessons, which restrained him from the deeper excesses in after years, although at the time his heart hardened with continued disobedience and refusal to obey the light.

From boyhood to early manhood each successive stage introduced him to new temptations and snares. He joined in card-games, theatre and music-hall attendance, with the gay company which such also suggests.

His parents drifted west, but he crossed the border, restless and dissatisfied, always seeking, apparently, for new pleasures, yet discontented with it all.

Working at Chicago on a building ten stories high, during the World's Fair, he was indeed miraculously preserved. Four or five girders fell within two inches of the scaffold upon which he stood. On another occasion he witnessed a scaffold fall close by, upon which were sixteen men, four of whom were instantly killed.

One awful day stands out in his memory whereon he was eye-witness to one disaster after another, enough to unnerve the stoutest heart, and bring to his knees in contrition any man still capable of accepting God's warning visitation.

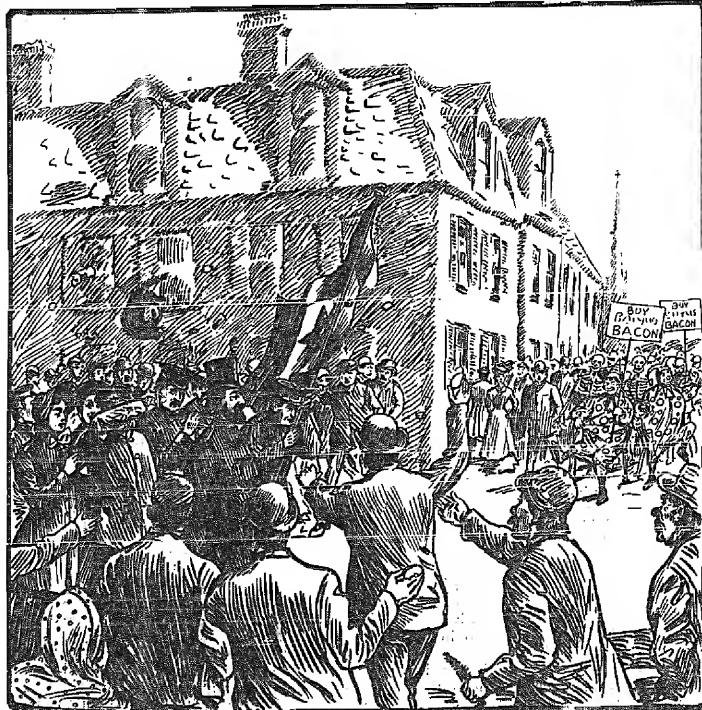
First he saw a boy picked up dead, who had fallen down the shaft of an elevator, from a height of nine stories.

A little later he was one of a crowd who gathered round a man dropped down dead in the street.

Still later a woman snake-charmer fell down in front of the hotel where she was performing, expiring instantly, and the same day, ere eventide, four men were killed while at work on a World's Fair building.

Jack shuddered as he went home that night. Full well he knew that God was calling loudly to him to prepare. How swift and unmistakable are His judgments, yet would he not yield to the warning voice.

(To be continued.)



The Two Processions.

The Kind of Officer the S.A. Needs To-Day.

BY THE GENERAL.

Extracts from an Address Delivered in Exeter Hall, on Monday Evening, January 8th.

IN the Salvation Army the gap is not very wide between soldiers and officers, nor between one kind of officer and another. We breathe the same spirit, manifest the same energy, the same resolution, the same skill. If the soldiers have not so great an opportunity, they have a large opportunity, and, therefore, what I may have to say about the officer will also largely apply to you who are soldiers. (Amens.)

A Divine Man.

The first quality I name that is needed by every officer is Religion—the religion that is acceptable to God and is indispensable to the salvation of the world.

The Salvation Army is a religious institution. Her foundations are right down upon the Rock of Ages; her strength is derived from Jehovah; the power that keeps her going comes from His very heart.

The Salvation Army, I say, is a religious institution, and therefore her soldiers must be religious. In other words, they must be divine men and women, who walk with God, love God, belong to God. That means something more than being merely a moral man. The Salvation Army officer must, of course, be a moral man, or his people will despise him. He must be good, true, honorable, and kind. He must be something more than that. He must not only be in fellowship with divine men, he must be a divine man himself. He must be one with Jehovah, one with the Son, as the Son is one with the Father.

There is something about this unity that I cannot explain, and I am not going to try. Nevertheless, there is something about it that is absolutely essential to his power and strength. That something is the knowledge that he is one with the Father in His great efforts for mankind. This unity means reconciliation with God, the rebellion upon, the fight concluded, peace proclaimed. It means a heart changed by the Spirit of God.

It means that the officer has been re-made in the image of God, and is a partaker (as the Apostle puts it) of the Divine nature. It means that he is kept by the power of God, and is a medium through which God pours Himself out upon the people who are round about him.

The Army officer must have real religion, heart religion. We have got plenty of Laodiceans, neither hot nor cold; plenty of respectable formalists; plenty of forms and ceremonies. The Salvation Army officer must have a burning heart—religion—fire, influence, passion! (Volleys.)

The Fool of the Family.

The next qualification needed by the Salvation Army officer is capacity. He must have the ability to do his work. He may, perhaps, not be able to explain difficult problems in science, or theology, or history, or politics, or a thousand other things; but he must be able to do his own work.

When I was a lad it used to be a saying that they usually sent the fool of the family into the church. They didn't know what to do with him, and anything would do for the church! I hope that was an exaggeration. Anyway, I trust it is not so to-day. We don't want fools in the Salvation Army. ("No!" Laughter.) The ability that the Army requires in its officers is the ability to do his work.

What is the work of a Salvation Army officer, and what is to be the work of the young men and women who sit behind me?

I can remember very well one of the first texts that I ever preached from as a youth. I stood behind a chair, in a farm house. A dried-up, crabbled old preacher was sent to judge whether I had the right sort of theology. I am not sure what sort of a report he made. But whatever the report on my sermon was, the report on the text must have been all right. It was a splendid text—my

texts usually are all right!—and it was this: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." (Hallelujahs.)

That was Christ's work two thousand years ago. He came from heaven to do that. He thought it was worth while to stoop down from that bright land, and He left His Father's bosom and the companionship of angels and came down to all that humiliation of suffering, and mocking, and ridicule, and death, and sacrifice to save sinners.

That was His work, to save sinners. And, boy as I was, I had sense enough to see that that was what I was to preach for. That has been my work ever since, that is the work of the Salvation Army officer, and that is to be the work of these young people behind me. If they do not adhere to that they will be unfaithful to their calling, untrue to their General, and traitors to the Salvation Army. (Applause.)

To Save, Not Amuse.

It is not their work to tickle the fancy of people, or educate or edify them only, but to save them from their sin and rebellion against God, to save them from their debaucheries and drunkenness and lusts. And not only to save the people whose vices have got hold of them, and who are careless of public opinion, but those who are, perhaps, in the sight of God, equally as bad, but who hide their sins in their own bosoms.

The work of the Salvationist is to make people good, to make them right, to make them true, to make them honorable, to make them all that God and good men desire they should be.

That is his work, and one of his first qualifications is to know how to do it. You cannot do a thing if you don't know how. I couldn't make a watch, because I don't know how. I couldn't make a pair of boots, because I don't know how. The lifeboat man must know how to launch his boat in the face of the storm and drive her through the rolling billows. He must know how to bring her alongside the wreck and get the men, women, and children away. He must know how to load his boat with this precious cargo and take it back to the shore. He must know how to do it, or he will perish in the stormy sea. (Applause.)

Not Fine Jargon.

The Salvation Army officer must know how to attract attention. Men and women are taken up with money-getting, pleasures, politics, and a thousand other things. He must have power to make them think. They are taken up with this, that, and the other. Religion, and God, and Calvary, and heaven, and hell are outside their consideration. The Salvation Army officer must have the power to make them think, and feel, and act, and to compel them to come and be saved.

An officer must know how to talk. Talking is a large part of his business—not jaw-breaking words or fine jargon that nobody understands, and that he doesn't understand himself. He must say something that people can understand, or else he had better "shut up" and let the Sergeant-Major have a "go." (Laughter and volleys.)

The Salvation Army officer must know how to make people listen. When people get up and go out I sit down. No, I don't—I go on with something else. I don't give up the battle. You have all heard of that clever politician who, when they laughed and jeered at him in the House of Commons, shook his fist and said, "The time will come when you will listen to me!" That ought to be the spirit of every Salvation Army officer. The matter he has to speak of demands attention. It concerns Jehovah, it concerns the souls of men and women and little children. It concerns the wellbeing of the whole world.

The Salvation Army officer must know how to sing; and, more important still, he must know how to make other people sing. Then he must know how to pray, and be able to make other people pray. He must know how to bring the power of God down upon the people; how to fight a prayer-meeting, and make other people fight as well.

Another qualification is enterprise. This is the age of enterprise. Do something new! Say something that has never been said before! Everybody says that enterprise is right in the political world, in the money-making world, in the scientific and military world, and in all other worlds except the religious world. I say, if it is right anywhere it is right there. We are told that the Apostles did not do any of these strange things. But they had novelty on their side! They had only to go into a town and talk about this new religion, and the novelty of the religion they proclaimed brought crowds out to hear them.

Do They Work?

The next qualification is hard work. But I need not stop to talk about that. Everybody knows that, only everybody doesn't practise it. When officers do not get on I ask, "Do they work?" I very seldom find a hard-working officer who doesn't succeed. If eight hours won't do, put in ten. If ten won't do, put in twelve or even fourteen. If you only make up your mind to work, you are bound to succeed. (Applause.)

The next essential is faith. Faith in God; faith in the damnable character of sin; faith in the possibility of deliverance from it; faith in its evil consequences; faith in the Judgment; faith in heaven; faith in hell, and faith in Calvary's blood-stained tree, which was set up on the spot where, not long ago, I knelt on the green grass and gave myself afresh into the hands of my Saviour, while the mocking Turk ridiculed and blasphemed by my side, and children looked in amazement at my darning. (Sympathetic "Amens.")

The Army officer must have faith in the abiding love of God for the perishing souls of men; he must have compassion for their bodies, and compassion for their souls. This is what I mean by love.

In a Lancashire town a few years ago, a Salvation Army Sergeant was walking along when she came across a young girl with a baby in a perambulator. The baby was crying, so the girl angrily slapped it and shook it.

The Army Sergeant stepped up to the girl and gently admonished her. "Well," the girl said, "if you had to look after five children, and do the washing, and keep the house, like I have to, perhaps you would be angry also. I'm only fifteen, and have got to do all the work, 'cos mother is dead."

The household washing seemed to press very heavily upon the young girl, so the Sergeant asked when was her washing day.

"To-morrow," said the girl.

"Then," said the Sergeant, "I will come and help with the washing."

She kept her word, and also took the lassie to the Salvation Army, where she got saved. Some time afterward the father married again, and the young girl went out into service. She conducted herself so well, and her mistress was so satisfied, that she allowed the girl to have her sister to pay her a visit. During that time the second sister got saved also. Last November the elder sister went out of the Training Home, and the younger sister is sitting behind me to-night. (Enthusiastic cheers.)

Love Will Win.

It is, I hope, love that has brought these Cadets here—the love of God and the love of men. Love will carry them through. Oh, what they can do if they will only make the people believe they love them!

We all know too well from our hearts that this fleeting world is not our rest, and that, let us have what we will it does not satisfy, and we must look to the slowly and inclining, but inevitable, hour when we will stand face to face with that great question (which even sometimes will present itself)—To what is all this tending?—General Gordon.



BRITISH

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A MELBOURNE

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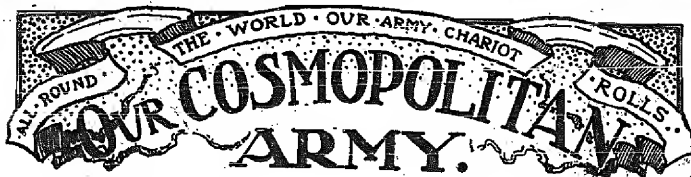
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BRITISH BRIEFS.

The General met his International H. Q. officers in council of two sessions. The afternoon was devoted to business, after which tea was served. In the evening the General led a deeply spiritual meeting, which left indelible impressions on the minds of all present.

Mrs. Booth was warmly welcomed in two Bristol churches, in which she spoke on behalf of the Social Work. Among the significant stories narrated by Mrs. Booth was one of a young girl who had only gone wrong a fortnight. Wanting help, she posted a crumpled confession and appeal, simply addressing it to "Mrs. Booth, London." The letter arrived promptly, and an officer fetched the girl. A generous response was made to Mrs. Booth's appeal for funds.

A MELBOURNE OPIUM DEN.

If the Australian Commonwealth would prohibit the further importation of opium, it would involve a loss of £100,000 per annum to the revenue, but would check the utter demoralization of large numbers of human beings, both black and white.

A painful revelation awaited the members of a Commission who went through the slums of Melbourne under the charge of a detective. The extraordinary number of victims to the opium habit in these low quarters of the city surprised them. Whole blocks were leased to Chinamen, who sub-let their rooms, and a tremendous traffic in the drug appeared to prevail. Chorus girls from the theatres thronged these dens after 11.30 p.m., paid a shilling for "a pipe," and then went their way.

Stout, respectable-looking men lay about sucking the flute-like pipe and burning the odorous drug with a relish not by any means easy to understand on the part of the uninitiated.

AN INDIAN CORPS' INCOME.

Lieut.-Colonel Yessu Ratnam reports a very encouraging incident at the village of Talam-pitiya, where we have a prosperous corps.

There being a need for more money to support the work, one of the native local officers, who was converted from Buddhism some years ago, voluntarily handed over to the Army the deed of a piece of land which was in his possession.

Growing on the land are twelve coconut trees, and as these are in full bearing, the gift will furnish the corps with a small but reliable income for many years to come.

THE GUJERAT COMMAND.

(India.)

Lieut.-Colonel Raucha, who has been appointed to the oversight of the Salvation Army operations in Gujerat, India, was studying in Cape Town, for the ministry of the Dutch Reformed Church when he met the Salvation Army, and, like many others, fell straightway in love with its methods. He shortly after became an officer, and we do not think that the Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa could have given him a wider sphere of labor than that to which he is going, where he will have under his command 650 corps and societies; 522 officers and Cadets; 208 day schools, with a scholarship roll of 4,759; 15 village banks; 1 hospital; 1 industrial school, with 292 scholars, and 17 other Social Institutions.

DIE HEILS ARMEE.

It is very significant that in the advent of the Salvation Army there has come to Germany an organization which appears to embody many national characteristics. It is based on a military model, as a complex system of organization, it is more German than the Germans.

The Army in Germany has had its fight, and won. It is no longer regarded as an enemy of the State, as being fanatical and superfluous. Its practical philanthropy has appealed to the highest people, and although not directly recognized by Government, the officials appreciate it as a factor in the well-being of the Empire; and in the provincial towns the authorities show their sympathy in a practical manner. The old restrictions are removed, and at the close of the meetings the Police Commissioners often come to thank the officers for their work in helping both poor and wicked. The press no longer persecutes, but praises the work. In all continental cities the Rescue Home is, unfortunately, a much-needed harbor of refuge, and of the five which are doing good work in Germany, the one at Friederichshau, a suburb of the capital, is well worth a visit. There is also the poor man's Metropole and Shelter, that in Cologne being especially good; then there is a Prison Gate Home, a Metropole in Berlin for seventy-five single girls, a well-equipped Maternity Home, a crèche, and three Samaritan Homes to supply nurses for the poor. Officers go about late at night with a stretcher or net to carry home drunkards, and in the winter-time thousands of the poor are fed in the soup kitchens.—Jesse Page in The Christianity of the Continent.

IN SOUTH AFRICAN JAILS.

Mrs. Commissioner Richards has been visiting (by special permission of the prison authorities) the women prisoners who are confined in the jail at Cape Town.

On her last visit Mrs. Richards took with her a number of illuminated cards which the prisoners could hang in their cells, and also toys for the poor little children who are in prison with their mothers.

After these gifts had been distributed a meeting was held for long-service prisoners.

The women listened with great attention, and during the prayer meeting which followed a glorious scene was witnessed, no fewer than sixteen women prisoners coming to the penitential form and seeking salvation.

NOTABLE ESCAPE.

A remarkable thing happened at East Grinstead on a recent Sunday. While a comrade was speaking of the necessity for being ready to meet God, a fearful storm was raging. Just as he had uttered the words, "Can we look into our hearts and say we are ready?" there was a tremendous crash, and several large sheets of glass from one of the skylights fell with terrific force.

A number of people, including several children, were sitting immediately beneath the skylight, but no one received the slightest injury, the heavy pieces of glass falling either at the side or behind those sitting immediately underneath the skylight.

A gentleman amongst those who escaped, after expressing his gratitude to God in prayer, publicly gave a thank-offering, and a number of comrades took home pieces of glass as mementos of their miraculous escape. Two souls surrendered to the Saviour.

A LITTLE BRAHMIN.

A little Brahmin girl in one of our Homes used to sit through all the meetings with dignified air and a determined look.

One day an S. A. officer entered a room where the child was, and saw her gazing up at a picture of the crucifixion.

"That was for you," said the Colonel.

The girl gazed steadily at it a little longer, and said, "For me?" Then bursting into tears, she cried, "I believe!"

"THE BRAIN OF CHRISTIANITY."

Writing from Tokio, Japan, Commissioner Railton reports that he has accepted several invitations to address the students of high-class schools, who represent the pick of the Empire's young men and women.

The President of one of these important institutions, introducing the Commissioner, told his students:—

"You know to what an extent Christianity has been the strength of the western nations. Well, the Salvation Army may be called the brains of modern Christianity."

Social Work in Switzerland.

An Interesting Talk with Commissioner McAlonan—No Room in the Prison.

Commissioner McAlonan, while on a short visit to England, gave the following interesting facts to our representative:

"The Social Work in Switzerland," said he, "is comparatively new. The country itself is almost the best governed in the world, and the need for a great Social Work such as we have in Great Britain does not exist. At the same time our Swiss Social Institutions are very much appreciated, and the help we give to the police and authorities is being more and more fully recognized by means of extended financial grants and general assistance and co-operation.

"In Switzerland there are now four Women's Institutions and three Men's Homes. The women's side is represented by three Rescue Homes and a Shelter, the latter being in Geneva. We are also pledged to open a Shelter for women in Zurich. The various philanthropic societies will gladly assist us, and the authorities have already made us a grant of 1,500 francs. The Geneva police authorities—who twenty years ago were bitterly opposed to us—have made two donations to our work there, and frequently bring women to our Shelter instead of locking them up!

Public Recognition.

"In Geneva and Zurich there are Men's Shelters—with room for 152 men—while at Koniz we have a small ex-Prisoners' Home with room for twenty-five men, and a large market garden attached to it. This is an institution which it would be impossible for us to do without, although at present it is working under great difficulties. Its influence cannot be estimated. Quite a number of the men who pass through the Home get thoroughly converted, and the excellent work of the Home is recognized by the public generally, who gladly subscribe towards its upkeep.

"The right to visit the convict and temporary prisons at Basle has now been given to us, while the Director of the Forced Labor Colony at Witzwyl (an institution for dealing with the won't-work and the unemployed) has just asked for, and obtained, the appointment of a Salvation Army officer as Resident Chaplain.

"This comrade will teach the prisoners to sing, will lead meetings amongst them, encourage them in their work, and will, at the close of their term on the colony, give them an introduction to the Koniz Home. It is pleasant to note that the Witzwyl Governor and Directors will pay our officer's expenses entirely."

A Single-Handed Battle.

exchange connections made daily in the United States is over 5,600,000, which is an annual total of 1,825,000,000, or an average of seven calls daily for each telephone apparatus.

The cable-laying ship contains three large cable tanks precisely similar to those in the works, and into these the cable, run off from shore, and brought on shipboard by a steam winch, is coiled in the same manner as has already been described. The tank men employed in this work develop great skill in guiding each turn of the cable to its proper place in the tank, while running around at almost top speed in gradually diminishing circles with each successive turn. The tank men are numbered, and the men in the tank who relieve each other in the race, and the remainder of the time help to place successive coils smoothly into position.

The apparatus for paying out the cable, including guides and sheaths, is very simple in construction and operation, although very bulky, occupying nearly all the deck room save that filled by the cable tanks.

the deck room, save that piled by the cable tanks and the cable itself, which is hauled through a series of guides and pulleys, over and under grooved from controlling wheels, to and around the paying-out drum situated at the stern of the vessel, where it is dropped into the sea quite clear of the propeller. The paying-out drum is controlled by a powerful brake, while a dynamometer constantly registers the strain of the cable, enabling the speed of the paying-out to be accurately adjusted and the exact amount of slack to be determined, thereby giving the vessel the opportunity of making out and of the cable fast on shore, and paying out continuously as the ship moves along at the average rate of six miles per hour. Throughout the entire voyage constant tests of the cable, and of any joints made on ship-board, are made by currents received every few minutes from the shore end and shown by measuring instruments, so that any flaw may be immediately located and repaired. If a cable should be in the process of laying, or about to be released, and a flaw is detected, it may be picked up and repaired on shore.

There are over forty steamers afloat whose sole business is the laying and maintenance of the world's vast system of telegraph cables. Seven of them belong to government administrations, and the remainder to manufacturing and cable operating companies. The largest of them are owned and operated by the three largest English cable manufacturers. One of the largest cable ships is of about 5,000 tons displacement, with a carrying capacity of 8,000 tons. It has carried 3,500 nautical miles of deep sea cable in one load, and requires a crew averaging 100 men. The cable is coiled in the hold, and the ship is loaded in some cases even elegant, quarters are provided for the officers and the cable staff.

The Telephone Systems of the World—Qualifying as a Telephonist—Telephone Operators.

The Telephone Systems of the World.

When it is remembered that Professor Bell's invention of the magnet telephone was given to the world only a little over twenty-five years ago, and that only twenty years ago the total of the telephone business of the United States was 49,000 subscribers and about 30,000 miles of wire, the tremendous significance of the industry. In spite of active and increasing competition in recent years, the original Bell Telephone Company—sometimes called the "Telephone Trust"—still controls the bulk of the business in both local and long-distance lines. In New York City alone 69,000 subscribers are on the books and 10,000 men are employed to carry around in letter form the communications sent in a single day over the telephone wires.

From the beginning the United States has held the leading place among nations in respect not only to the extensive development of the business, but in the employment of modern and improved appliances tending to greater efficiency of service. According to the latest published statistics, the country next in order to the United States, as regards the development of telephone service, are the German Empire, having 72,931 stations; Great Britain, 171,460; Sweden, 33,599; Russia, 3,874; Switzerland, 38,864; Austria, 32,590; Rumania, 3,137; Norway, 29,446. The total for these countries is about 656,590, or nearly 10 per cent. less than the number recorded in the United States for the Bell Company alone. The disparity seems even greater when we consider that this company controls over 40,000 private telephone stations, and that the numerous "independent" companies add at least fifty per. cent to the grand aggregate for the country. The estimated number of

Qualifying as a Telephonist.
Telephony has become a science in the broadest sense, requiring of the practical operative a good working acquaintance with a wide field of electrical knowledge. Indeed, in these days of common-battery exchanges, and more highly elaborated exchange

appliances, it is becoming increasingly true that a well-equipped telephonist must have a general acquaintance with every branch of electrical application. Even the repairmen, linemen and other mechanics require sufficient theoretical information to enable them to know what they are doing, and to be able to handle the numerous emergencies that demand more than mere routine work with tools and testing instruments. This fact has been repeatedly demonstrated in the cases of employees who have been sufficiently ambitious to devote their leisure to study, either by private reading or by taking systematic training in some one of the several schools of correspondence that offer courses in telephony. Particularly since the advent of the "independent" telephone companies, the broad field, offering the telephonist an intelligent knowledge of the telephone, and judging from the constant increase in the use of the telephone, it will be still further enlarged in the near future.

Telephone Operators.

The growth of the telephone exchange business has opened a new industrial field for women. They find employment as switchboard operators, superintendents and clerks in every large exchange in America and Europe, to the complete exclusion of men, except in mechanical and repairing capacities, and have shown themselves capable of doing expert and rapid work, which must frequently tax their powers of attention and endurance to the utmost. This is the first time experience has shown that women are equal to men in the telephone business. As stated by numerous telephone authorities, the superiority of the telephone girl is wholly a matter of voice. An English magazine devoted to telephone interests points out the fact that the vocal chords of a woman are considerably shorter than those of a man, which involves that the voice has a higher pitch. The telephone diaphragm responds more accurately to the high-pitched voice; the lower notes are lost, and the result is that women are more potent, and the currents transmitted to the remote station lose less in transmission. If you listen to an average woman speaking and compare her voice with that of an average man of her own class, you will notice, among other things, that her enunciation of the words is better; also that there is less tendency to cut the ends of words or to drop the voice and mumble the terminations. Her choice of words is more judicious, and her vocal production that is distinctive. For these reasons alone it is desirable to employ women at switchboards, where distinctness of enunciation is of prime importance.

The most arduous part of the work of a switchboard operator is in making connections between subscribers' circuits, when, as frequently occurs in the busy hours of the day, the calls come in at the rate of 125 or 150 per hour. The mechanical routine work of answering a call, learning the desired number, plugging the proper connecting jack, and "ringing up" the call, therefore, to perform the work with greatest rapidity and exactness over and over again with the utmost care, in order to avoid such errors as might produce confusion and vexation. The constant liability of plugging the wrong jack, particularly in using a multiple switchboard, demands that a well-trained eye be required, in addition to nimble fingers. Another complication, because a switchboard operator is transferring the "trunking" calls, coming from a subscriber asking for a number in some other exchange.

THE KING OF SPAIN.

The King of Spain is young and likes to have a good time; yet he is often obliged to work twelve hours or more a day. Not long ago he handed his Prime Minister a sealed petition with the request that it should be granted unconditionally. When it was opened it was found to be in the King's own handwriting. He demanded for himself an eight-hour day and no work on Sundays and holidays. On another occasion his automobile was stopped by a policeman for a traffic violation. At once, he said, "I am presently bound to apologize profusely. Why was the automobile stopped, anyway?" said the King. "Because motor wagons are not allowed on this street." "Very well," retorted Alfonso, "then I shall have to be more careful in future."

Nettle was the very girl to whom, if it has been published in those days, I should have liked to have sent a copy of the Y. P.

First of all, she was a cripple. That is, she had some spinal difficulty which prevented her fighting her way in the world like others; and next, she was an orphan.

Nettle's early years had been spent in a sheltered home-nest, warm and soft, with the love of her parents always between herself and any trial from the outer world.

Her sad affliction made her parents feel that they could not do enough for their little daughter, and she early learned to love the Saviour.

And then, suddenly, within a few weeks, father and mother were called away by death, the home nest was broken up, and Nettie, sensitive and shrinking, as an unfledged bird, found a shelter in the house of her uncle amongst a troop of noisy, happy, healthy

Of course, Nettie did not understand them. She had been the first, the only, thought at home. Everything there had revolved around her. Her wishes, her health, her interests were the first consideration, and here she was a stranger not wanted, not

Besides, her cousins did not care for religion. They had their own worldly pleasures. Life was rough and hard, and Nettie rebelled against it all.

A dull, discontented look settled down upon her face. Her voice grew peevish and fretful, and her cousins did not hesitate to show her that they felt her presence amongst them to be a burden.

"Why should I have to live here?" groaned Nettie, as night after night she cried herself to sleep. "They are unconverted, and worldly. They are unkind to me, and I hate them all. No one here understands me. Oh, if I were only strong and well, and could earn my own living so as not to be dependent on them! O mother! mother! why did you leave me in the world all by myself?"

Poor Nettle! She felt injured indeed, and misunderstood, and yet you and I can see that her cousins had also their side of the story.

"Why must she be with us here, mother?" the girls would ask. "She is so dissatisfied and cross, and everything we do or don't do she thinks wrong and wicked. I believe that she would like to preach to us all day long if we would only let her."

"I showed her my nice new hat," interrupted Rose, "and asked her whether I should not move the flowers a little more to the side; but she only looked at it scornfully, and said, 'I don't care for such things. It is very worldly to dress in feathers and flowers.' I have no patience with her; and as for her religion, I despise it with all my heart."

"I know, dear," said the mother, "she is very trying, but you must try to be kind to her for your father's sake. He will not hear of our sending her away. We must just bear it the best we can."

One day in a weary, dispirited state of mind, vexed with herself and all around her, Nettle wandered into an Army meeting.

It was a rollness meeting, and she heard of the blessing of a clean heart and of a power that can lift us above ourselves and circumstances.

She longed for the deliverance from selfishness and bitterness of which the officer spoke.

She caught a glimpse, too, of the Spirit of Jesus Christ, full of love, mercy, and heavenly joy, and her poor aching soul stretched out after it.

I cannot tell you what the sergeant at the penitentiary said to her, but I know she went home with a new hope in her heart, and instead of sitting at the

dinner-table glum and silent as usual, Nettle smiled and chimed in brightly in the conversation, and was quick to see what needed passing.

One of the boys said a word which might have had a sting in it, but she laughed it off pleasantly, saying in her heart, "Lord, I won't be vexed. I won't think they mean to be unkind," till everyone looked at her in surprise.

And this was the beginning of a new life for Nettle. Slowly but surely, as spring creeps over the land and changes everything, so her whole life became altered.

God's gift to her in that little Army hall, the gift of a clean heart, and the resolution to give, asking for nothing again, changed her from a burden to a blessing.

Her aunt began to turn to her with her anxieties and troubles. Her consins got into the way of calling "Nettie!" when they needed help of advice.

To please Nettie her cousins read some of the Army books and papers which she brought home; and for her sake they attended now and then a special meeting; until—ah, you know how it is—one after another of those young lives were yielded to God.

Nattie would never be strong enough to do anything public for God herself. Officership, with all its possibilities, was closed to her, that she knew. But, as the years went by, the home in which she lived

And at last Candidates' Forms came to the house, yes, and Marching Orders, also. Not for Nettle, but for those very cousins who at first had regarded her as a burden and a worry, and whom she had hated

To-day Nettle understands the reason why the home-nest was broken up, and she praises God who has brought out of the darkness joy and blessing; and if she could, she would tell you that her secret may be yours.

Look for deliverance, not through escaping from your circumstances, but through conquering and overcoming them, and so changing your enemies into friends by the strength of God.—From the Y. P.

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GEO FOX

THE RED-HOT-QUAKER.

Chapter III.

Lead Kindly Light.

"God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all."—1 John i. 5.

Most histories are apt to give a somewhat misleading idea of George Fox's character. They judge the man often by his outward actions. They see the stern prophet, then hear only his loud denunciations against sin, wickedness and folly. Very few care to follow him behind the scenes and learn to know the human—nay, even the mystical—side of his character; for George was intensely human. As a lad he had an odd, incomprehensible child's desire for human companionship and sympathy, and when, as we have seen, this was for a time divinely denied him, his heart was often nearly crushed and broken. This craving for love, for human sympathy, for heart and soul friendship, was with him all his life, and never was the little mystical maiden, Joan of Arc, a greater dreamer of dreams and hearer of voices and seer of visions than the George whom his historians delight to picture as stern, uncompromising, and stiff as his own leathern garments! They fail to show him to us at seasons when the voices make known to his soul the awful fate of his New England comrades; when he sits the night out on his cold, damp jail floor, suffering with them in spirit, pang for pang, and agony for agony, till the dim trickle of grey light that pierces the crevices of his dungeon shows us a man stained and worn, and years older for that awful night. But one can hardly blame them, for it is only in sidelights and occasional sentences that his contemporaries give us any insight into his real character, or show us his flesh and blood side. This is not to be wondered at, considering the troublous and stirring times they lived in, where there was so much to chronicle that people had no time for mere character study. George's own journal is little more than a bare record of his doings, and does not give us any hint of the sensitive, sympathetic heart that was often more a torture to him than anything else.

Free Again.

Immediately after he was set at liberty, he went to Manchester to visit some professing Christians, and declare to them what he believed to be the true doctrine. Some among them were convinced of the truth, and accepted as their rule the inward divine teaching of the Lord. One of the first, if not the first, of these early converts was a woman called Elizabeth Hooton. This was the beginning of George Fox's preaching. It was a very small beginning, for his words were few and halting, but they were nevertheless piercing, as some found to their eternal good. Then there were others, thoughtful men and women, ripe for instruction, who listened to George's testimony and learned from God's teaching and leading of him what they lacked. But there were other professors of religion who could not endure to hear George go round preaching holiness of heart, any more than some people of the nineteenth century could endure hearing the Salvation Army talk about a "clean heart."

However, George preached this doctrine with no uncertain sound. He paid no attention to any lordly but traveled on his apostolic way.

While passing through Nottinghamshire he had rather a curious experience. The Lord gave him such an insight into the hearts and natures of the wicked that he was appalled and stunned by the fact that he was able to

understand evils which must, he argued, have an abiding place in his own heart, and be ready to spring into life at any time! He felt crushed and defeated that he, who taught and believed in holiness, should have been so far self-deceived.

"Why should I be thus," he cried (happily to the Lord) "seeing I never was addicted to such things?"

And the Lord answered:
"It is necessary that thou shouldst have a sense of all conditions, how else canst thou speak to all conditions?"

A Fresh Baptism.

With this answer came a fresh baptism of the love of God. It was also impressed upon him, as never before, that the harvest was great, but there were none to gather it in. He gave himself still more to preaching and exhortation, and the people flocked to him from all the country round. Those who had seen and heard him, and especially those who were converted through his words, spread his fame abroad. There was an incident which occurred at this crisis, which helped to make him known. A man named Brown lay dying in Mansfield, and just before he passed away, he prophesied many things about George, principally that he would be used in the conversion of many sinners. After he was dead, George held a wonderful meeting in Mansfield, which helped to confirm Brown's prophecy. As he prayed, the power of God came down in such a marvelous manner that the very building seemed to rock, and some of those present declared:

"This is like the days of the apostles, when at Pentecost the house where they were met was shaken!"

(To be continued.)

Sanctification.

By the General.

II.—Can it be Attained?

What is it that is denied about this experience by those Christians who differ with us on this subject?

It is positively said that we cannot be made holy in this life, but must go on sinning and repenting until death, all admitting that we must be made holy before we can enter heaven.

How can you prove that this holiness may be enjoyed in this life?

My first argument is from probability. It seems most likely that God should make provision for the immediate and entire deliverance of men from sin. If a child had got some poison into its body, we are all sure that the father of that child would use every means, as soon as possible, not only to get a portion, but the whole of the poison drawn out. Just so, we think it most likely that God would use all possible means to get the whole of the deadly poison of sin out of the soul of man.

But might it not be asked, in reply to this, Why, then, does not God save His people from their troubles?

Yes; but that is altogether a different thing because trouble is not always injurious to man; on the contrary, it is often, if not always, a great blessing to those who love God; whereas, sin is evil, and always evil, hateful to God, and a curse to those who harbor it.

How else would you prove that God wants to save men from all sin in this life?

From the following plain teachings in the

Bible, which describe this state under different figures, and in different ways, as the possible experience of the saints:—

I. As a clean heart—that is, a heart washed from all sin.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."—Ps. li. 10.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."—Matt. v. 8.

"Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean."—Ezek. xxxvi. 25.

"Now the end of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned."—1 Tim. i. 5.

II. A heart delivered from all idolatry.

"From all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you."—Ezek. xxxvi. 25.

III. As being altogether separated from evil, and devoted to God.

"And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Thess. v. 23.

Pointed Paragraphs.

SAYINGS OF THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

What a mean, sordid, cold, blood-curling sort of thing jealousy is! How it bites, cuts, tears, and ravages in devising the meanest forms of revenge!

How beautifully good deeds come home again! Mordecai had no idea when he reported that plot against the king that, somehow or other, in the years to come, that story would be read about him, and would quicken in his heart a sense of gratitude and make him do something for him.

When rewards come they come quickly, and in the most surprising manner.

Jealous, mean, and selfish people are nearly always cowards in their hearts. It was the selfishness of jealousy that made Haman a coward and a murderer in his heart.

Nearly all the great things in the Army began in a small way; I did myself!

Half the battle is believing that you can.

"I can't!" is the watchword of the coward.

Nothing makes us despise men more, and consequently makes them despise us, than the spirit of "I can't."

The great lesson of the Bible, the great message of the New Testament, the great illumination and revelation of Jesus Christ and His Apostles has been wrapped up and bound together in that one marvelous utterance of the Apostle Paul: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Paul was the greatest traveling preacher the world has ever seen. He produced a greater influence upon the lives of men than anyone except the Lord Jesus Himself.

If you are not right with God all your Bible reading, singing, and praying will come tumbling down like a house of cards.

Nothing will warm you up like prayer. It is a mighty livener.

If you would only all be true to the vows you have made in the past, what a conquering host this would be!

You cannot do anything in this life without being in earnest.

Spending time is like drawing money out of the bank. When one day is gone there is one day less remaining.



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The General.

We present on the frontpage the latest picture of our veteran chieftain with his youngest granddaughter, little Muriel Booth-Tucker. Nearing his seventy-seventh birthday he is as full of physical vigor and indomitable energy of mind as ever, allowing himself no slackening of speed. At present his head and hands are full with plans concerning colonization at home and abroad. The splendid loan made by Mr. Herrick to the Army, of half a million dollars for a home colony, allows the General to put at once into operation a scheme that had been part of his great Darkest England Scheme, and will doubtless demonstrate to Great Britain the possibilities at her threshold to deal effectively with a large percentage of out-of-works. Then the General had intended to visit Japan, where he hoped to celebrate his seventy-seventh birthday. Whether the many recent important developments will necessitate a postponement of that tour we cannot say, but we shall soon be in a position to make a definite announcement.

Excellent Advance.

The January figures of the Army's Prison Work are before us, and speak eloquently of the rapid development of that branch of our operations under the direction of Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire. There is now in use a very exact system of statistics that gives us a definite basis for judgment which does not depend on guesswork. During the past month 1,415 persons have been visited in about fifty institutions throughout the Territory, and all have been prayed with. Eighty-eight meetings have been conducted, and 128 incarcerated men and women have professed conversion. Among those met on the day of discharge 58 have been helped temporarily, and 36 have been found employment; 106 meals, 36 beds, and 80 pieces of clothing given to ex-prisoners, and a number of railway fares paid during the month shows the practical side of immediate aid given.

We rejoice exceedingly over the healthy development of this important branch of our work. Here is a tangible proof of the strong influence for righteousness the Army brings to bear upon the inmates of our penal institutions. Many a young offender has been led back into the safe path of righteousness who otherwise would have readily continued in the slippery road of crime.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY AT THE TEMPLE.

Colonel Kyle is doing a special series of holiness meetings in several of the city corps during the month of February, and of course it was quite in keeping that he should com-

mence at the Temple. Friday last was a bitter cold night, nevertheless there was quite a crowd gathered together in the Jubilee Hall. Capt. DeBow sang and Ensign Owen gave us his experience on "how he obtained the blessing of full salvation." Mrs. Kyle treated us to a fine exposition on holiness of heart and life. Staff-Capt. Manton and the writer sang an old favorite duet, after which the Chief Secretary spoke at length from Rev. ii: "I have somewhat against thee." The Holy Spirit was much at work and this very helpful meeting resulted in nine consecrations of flesh and blood for His service. To Him be all the glory.—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

The Commissioner in England.

Rough Voyage—Far-Reaching Plans—A Wedding.

The latest news from the Commissioner informs us that he had a very stormy passage indeed, and that he had a busy time of it since landing. Immigration and colonization are the main themes of his consultations and business transactions. Some very feasible schemes are assuming shape, and upon the return of the Commissioner we shall take the first chance to secure an interview for the benefit of our readers. Doubtless much news of interest will come to us on that occasion.

The Commissioner has been extensively interviewed by the London press, which gives prominence to his information about the Army's plans of colonization, and to the fact that practically all Canadian Provincial Governments have signified their willingness to aid by land grants in the settlement of desirable immigrants.

The Commissioner also performed the marriage ceremony of his eldest son, Ensign Thomas Coombs, and Ensign Katie Barnett, at Highgate, on Monday, Jan. 29th.

Major Morris, who accompanied the Commissioner, will return with the first shipload of immigrants via the S.S. Kensington.

The Massey Hall Meeting.

What is it going to be?

"One of the biggest pan-jamborees we have ever had," said the Commissioner before he left for England.

First, it is going to be the Welcome Home to the Commissioner.

Secondly, he will tell us of his trip and of the outcome of his conference with the General. That will mean lots of interesting news.

Thirdly, it is the Anniversary of our Social Work, and will be fittingly celebrated. It will embrace Women's Social operations and Rescue Work.

Fourthly, fifty Cadets will be commissioned for all parts of the Territory, which is always a very interesting ceremony.

There will be plenty of music and song. The various branches of Social Work will be represented by officers in special uniform, with banners denoting the various branches.

Who will be there?

Well, the Premier of Ontario will take the chair, supported by many distinguished gentlemen. The Toronto S. A. will be out in force, of course—that goes without saying. Then there will be a crowd of all classes of citizens, who are increasingly interested in the Army's progress.

When will it begin?

The side doors (Victoria St.) will be open at 7 p.m. to allow holders of early-door tickets to choose their seat. The city bands will play in turns from 7 to 8 o'clock. The main entrance will be opened for general admission at 7.30. Promptly at 8 o'clock the meeting will begin.

Will you be there?

The Chief Secretary

AT

Lisgar Street and the Temple,
Toronto, and at Hamilton.

The Young Women of Headquarters to the
Front—A Musical Quartet at Hamilton.

It was the coldest night of the season when the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Kyle, with the young women of Headquarters visited Lisgar Street. The thermometer went down to 12 below zero. Despite the cold, a number of men soldiers turned up to the open-air full of fire and vim. The band could not play, so the lusty voices of the men soldiers rolled out song after song.

"My chains fell off,
My heart was free,
I rose, went forth,
And followed Thee."

The bandmaster lead with a voice that could be heard above the rest. Bandmasters who can sing and pray as well as play are invaluable. The inside meeting was very good. The girl-officers acquitted themselves admirably, the guitars and singing was much enjoyed. Capt. Daisy Coombs led off with a solo, a testimony, and an appeal. Miss Simpson sang and Miss Phillis Kyle gave a short address. Adj. Easton and Ensign Lemon played and sang, while Miss Jacobs and Miss Taylor manipulated the collection. Together the company sang—

"Picture-tonight a city fair and bright,
All its glory never has been told;
'Tis there I long to be, for loved ones wait
for me,
Up in the city paved with gold."

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Kyle spoke and wound up a very blessed meeting.

The Temple Holiness Meeting.

The cold continued on Friday, when the Chief Secretary, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, Ensign Owen, Staff-Capt. Manton, and others, led the Temple holiness meeting. Nine sought the blessing of perfect love.

HAMILTON.

A Week-End Campaign—Nos. I. and II.—
The Bell-Ringers and the "Glory Song"
—A Visit to No. III.

Arrived in Hamilton during a snow storm. The Chief Secretary, with Adj. Morris, Capt. Mardall and Brothers Pugmire and McMillan. It was a wintry Saturday night. No. II. corps was the objective point, and Capt. and Mrs. Laidlaw made the party feel at home. The musical quartet did well with stringed music and hand-bells, and plenty of solos and part songs. The Chief Secretary talked on the Prophet Nahum. Two souls sought salvation.

The Sunday was spent at No. I. corps. Knee-drill was an inspiration. At 11 o'clock Adj. Morris read. The Chief Secretary's subject was, "Thou hast left thy first love." The afternoon was very musical. The "Glory Song" on the bells took well. The vocal quartet was enjoyed. At night the company all took part. Brother Ernest Pugmire read and the Chief Secretary talked. Capt. Mardall and Brother McMillan sang in the quartets. Five souls surrendered.

The "boys" worked well and stuck to the fight like Trojans. Adj. and Mrs. Knight were very kind.

A visit to No. III. corps, the Hamilton "baby," was interesting. It is a hard fight at present.

The open-air meetings in Hamilton are very large, and the band evidently a great attraction.

FIG

A Messa

Many soul-battles are not fought to the finish, doubt that God permits time to test the faith of people. There are many truths in the Bible. No years, Abraham suffered tests that a human being to endure, but God came moment and gave him a the glory of this faithful Jacob had to wrestle all a wanderer for years, h sought his life.

In modern days the s ilarly tested. Parents their children as missi Army officers, or it ma of some precious one by of faith; it is difficult vidence of God.

In the prayer meetin ful salvation engagemen as if souls could not re tion of sin and realizat manifested, yet for a lo be induced to surrende a hard struggle, when th despaired of any appa come in, and the resul it is necessary to fight

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Then the devil is ben The temptation of Jes enemy of souls is only temptations that beset the same in kind, thou same in magnitude.

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Mighty Forces o

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FIGHT IT OUT!

A Message for February Campaigners.

BY THE CHIEF SECRETARY.

Many soul-battles are lost because they are not fought to the finish. There can be no doubt that God permits apparent defeat for a time to test the faith and endurance of His people. There are many illustrations of this truth in the Bible. Noah was tested for 120 years. Abraham suffered one of the severest tests that a human being could be called upon to endure, but God came in just at the critical moment and gave him a victory that has been the glory of this faithful patriarch in all ages. Jacob had to wrestle all night, and David was a wanderer for years, haunted by Saul, who sought his life.

In modern days the saints of God are similarly tested. Parents are asked to give up their children as missionaries, as Salvation Army officers, or it may be they are robbed of some precious one by cruel death as a test of faith; it is difficult to understand the providences of God.

In the prayer meeting, it may be, a powerful salvation engagement, when it would seem as if souls could not resist the awful conviction of sin and realization of God so clearly manifested, yet for a long time not a soul can be induced to surrender, and how often, after a hard struggle, when the fighters have almost despaired of any apparent victory, God has come in, and the results have been glorious. It is necessary to fight it out. There are so

Many Forces to Fight Against.

First, the natural rebellion of the human heart against God. Man abhors religion because it circumvents his own selfish and evil purposes. It proposes to bring his wild, rebellious nature into subjection to the law of God. He will not surrender easily.

The gratification of the animal senses yield immediate though sinful pleasures, that mankind do not want to sacrifice. Plenty to eat, plenty to drink, and to wear, with the fullest license to fulfil the lusts of the flesh is the acme of man's animal desires. He will not sacrifice easily.

Then the devil is bent upon his destruction. The temptation of Jesus Christ by the arch enemy of souls is only an illustration of the temptations that beset every soul of man—the same in kind, though not necessarily the same in magnitude.

1. Through his bodily appetites.
2. To court applause.
3. To purchase dominion.

The devil does not seem to offer the majority of men the world if they will fall down and worship him, they readily debate themselves for beastly trifles.

They will not readily resist evil. Another most difficult force to fight is the influence of hypocrisy and failure. The human heart is so wicked and deceitful that it hangs around the gallery of the mind pictures of religious wreckage, the castaways, the flotsam and jetsam of religious failures, and there are multitudes of such instances. It is not too much to say that the backsliders and hypocrites form a barricade to keep people from coming to God. If there are ten righteous and one hypocrite, sinners will look at the latter and permit the evil example to prevent their own salvation.

They are not readily convinced. The consideration of the forces arrayed against the soul-winner shows the necessity of fighting it out. There are, however,

Mighty Forces on the Other Side.

First, the divine instinct in man which he cannot silence. It is recorded, "So God created man in His own image," and again, "Man became a living soul." Since the fall of man thousands of years of rebellion against God and the gratification of his lower nature

have resulted, yet the voice of divinity and the sense of his higher nature is strong within him. It is the precious jewel that made him worth the blood of the Son of God to redeem.

Conscience is on the Side of God.

The sinner continually suffers condemnation. A smiling and cynical countenance often hides a sad and sorrowful heart. If only the fight was maintained he would be compelled to submit but he is permitted to escape.

Truth is on the side of God. In Christian countries the Bible truth is a mighty power. There is in the majority of the unconverted a fund of righteous knowledge that will support a salvation appeal. It is hard to deny what one's inner consciousness declares to be the truth.

Prayer is on the side of God. Millions of prayers are uttered every week from God's people all round the world, that He may save sinners and extend His Kingdom. It is the first act of a newly converted soul to think of and pray for others. Think of the volumes of prayer that must reach the Divine ears for mothers, fathers, and children, for drunkards, harlots and sin-bound slaves of all descriptions. God hears and answers prayer.

The most glorious truth is, however, that God is fighting for sons Himself. The Spirit of God is at the side of every soul-winner. He is the most interested in the result of every battle.

We are co-workers with God. It is a mystery that He should require a human co-partnership in the salvation of man, yet it is so, as the Apostle Paul expressed it, "Who hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation, because man can only comprehend human forms and expressions. God, the Holy Spirit requires human beings who will reveal Him to others, who will become ministers of reconciliation. Man does not need to use the Holy Spirit, but so surrender himself that the mighty Holy Spirit may use him as He will. Well may our prayer be, "O God, condescend to use me," for it is a marvelous condescension.

Do not speak of the Holy Spirit as "it," but "Him," for He is God, the all-powerful Creator and Preserver of all things. If a soul-fighter is fully surrendered to the Holy Spirit he will "Fight it Out," for God makes supreme efforts to save souls.

Obtain a correct knowledge of the value of a soul—as far as it can be realized by a human mind—an idea of the forces you have to fight, a consciousness of your allies in the battle, and the presence of the Almighty God, then go and fight for souls and be sure to "Fight it Out."

The Campaign.

Extracts from Letters Received by the Chief Secretary.

Bear River, N.S.—Since the Watchnight service twenty surrenders have taken place, and a goodly number of these wish to be enrolled. One house of ill-fame broken up and some desperate cases from the same are taking a decided stand for God. Thirty at the soldiers' meeting. The glory wave in our midst. Crowds are grand, and new people are attending. Things are thawing out in good shape. Hallelujah!—Yours and His, J. Ogilvie.

For the month of January we can report eight for holiness, thirty-four for salvation, and one enrolment, eight added to the roll; others to come. Adj. and Mrs. Newman, Lisgar Street.

Shot During Riots.

Tragic Death of an Officer in Demerara.

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death, under peculiarly sad circumstances, of Lieut. David Watson, of Georgetown II., on Dec. 1st, at Georgetown, British Guiana. For some days rioting had been going on in Georgetown in connection with a strike, and strong measures were taken by the authorities to suppress it. It appears that a fight between the populace and the police had taken place, and some persons were shot, and it was while the cart containing the wounded was passing up the street in which is situated the Divisional Headquarters, and the Inspector General and the police were marching with this cart towards the hospital that Lieut. Watson, accompanied by Lieut. Wiggan, were on their way to the Headquarters on Army business. After passing the police the crowd commenced to throw stones, and as the two officers turned they saw the police with their rifles at the "present," and immediately after Watson fell to the ground exclaiming, "I am shot." He was taken to the home of Staff-Capt. Tucker, and from thence to the hospital, where he died in great agony on Sunday, the 3rd, at 5.30 p.m. His last words were: "Jesus is so precious, I don't know what I should do without Him, and I'm only sorry I shall be no longer of any service to the Army."

The funeral took place on the 4th of December amidst universal expressions of sorrow and sympathy. Fully two thousand people followed to the cemetery, while thousands lined the streets en route. One very touching incident was when a body of blue-jackets from the warships presented arms and saluted the dead, after which, under a petty officer, they fell in the procession and accompanied it for some considerable distance.

LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE AND
STAFF-CAPT. FRASER
Conduct Services in the Penitentiary at Kingston and the Barracks.

(Special.)

The large prison church was well-nigh filled with convicts on Sunday afternoon last, when the Prison Secretary and his assistant conducted part of a service. The Colonel informed them that he was not going to talk to them as prisoners, but as men—as men who were possessed with a soul that will live for ever. The Holy Spirit blessed his words, and at the conclusion of his address a number decided for Christ. If readers of the War Cry could only hear them sing "I am so glad that Jesus loves me," to the tune of the "Glory Song," they would never forget it.

Two very blessed meetings were held in the barracks, where Adj. and Mrs. Cameron are in command. God was very present and manifested His saving power. May He bless Kingston and pour out His Spirit upon the people.

NEGATIVE LIVING.

Living to escape trouble is a poor kind of existence. The smaller animals in the forests and mountains have to give a large share of their attention to avoiding catastrophe, but man was made for another kind of life.

"How are you?" a man called out to his friend in passing.

"I can't complain," was the ready answer. Poor fellow! The best that he could say was that he was successfully dodging disaster for the moment! The present moment ought to mark the highest point of joyous accomplishment our lives have yet known. God means that it should. We have more to be thankful for to day than ever before since we came into being. Even our unconscious habits of speech will indicate this if we are living abundantly.

CORPS REPORTS.

COTTLE'S ISLAND. A Hallelujah Wedding at Cottle's Island does not take place very often. On Dec. 16th it was an interesting time, when Bro. Jonas Ridout and Lucy B. Potter were made man and wife. Ensign Brace, from Esplanade, was the man who was engaged to join them together. Afterwards the Ensign gave an interesting talk on married life. Since then we have had the joy of seeing four precious souls come to Him Who can save to the uttermost.—One who was there.

DAUPHIN. Since last report we have been close-Three Souls. ing in on the enemy, and three more souls have been captured for the Lord. Two more stood up to be prayed for, and several more are deeply convicted. The soldiers are all in good spirits and determined to have the victory. We are also believing for a band. A few players are in sight with their instruments, but we are in need of a cornet player. Watch for the results of the next battle.—Alex. Hall, Capt.

DOVERCOURT. There is a steady improvement Stock-Taking. noticeable in every branch of our great strides under the leadership of Bandmaster Packham. A Songsters' Brigade is being organized. under the direction of Brother More. Last Sunday was a red-letter day, when the Four Jolly Ranters visited us. Ensign Owen gave an address on "Stock-Taking," which was a great blessing to all. In the afternoon "The Disappointed Young Man" drew a good crowd, and one man got saved. At night he gave his testimony and rejoiced to see his wife seek Christ. On Thursday Colonels Kyle and Pugmire, accompanied by the young men from Headquarters, paid us a visit. There was a good deal of talent displayed amongst them. The quartets and hand-bell selections were greatly enjoyed, and the meeting concluded with a profitable salvation talk from the Chief Secretary.

HARRY'S HARBOR, Nfld. Sunday was a glorious day to our souls. We had the joy of seeing two souls come forward to the mercy seat and claim deliverance through the precious blood of Christ. One of them was once a soldier for five years, but had left the ranks for some time. The other had never been saved before. They were the two biggest men in the meeting—each was six feet, and we believe they got six feet of salvation. Many more are under conviction and the fire is spreading. To our God we give all the glory and march on.—Capt. H. Wiltshire.

GREENSPOND. There are many War Cry readers who will rejoice to hear some good news from Greenspond. We are still on the move. The Lieutenant, assisted by Cand. Barry, has been very busy practicing the children for their Christmas jubilee. On Christmas night we conducted the service, and the children did their parts well. It was something grand to see the platform filled with little ones dressed in white, going through their drills, recitations, and dialogues. The most interesting feature of the meeting was when Mr. Santa Claus appeared to give out the Christmas presents. It would take too long to say all that was done, sufficient to say that the public enjoyed themselves, and want it repeated again when we open the new citadel, which we trust will be very soon. May God bless the Lieutenant and make her yet a greater blessing to those she may come in contact with day by day.—Yours in the fight, Sergt. L. Osmond.

LITTLE BAY ISLAND. Four souls have obtained pardon since our last report, and we are believing for more very soon. Lieut. Moulton is in charge, assisted by Lieut. Coveyduck. They are two earnest workers and conduct some stirring meetings. On Sunday night last we felt God very near us, and several souls were deeply convicted. On Christmas night we had a special meeting, consisting of some splendid singing, recitations, and readings. After the meeting syrup and cake were served, which brought in the good sum of \$8.75. The young men and boys helped nobly in this, and we believe that some of them will soon leave the ranks of sin and help us in many other ways.—W. T. M., Cand.

LONDONDERRY, N.S. New Interest has been created since our new barracks has been built, and souls are getting saved. On Jan. 22nd the new locals,

were commissioned—nine of them. With such a blood-and-fire crowd of salvation deacons we mean to go in and damage the devil's kingdom and raise the Army flag still higher.—The noisy Englishman.

LIPPINCOTT ST. Good meetings during the week. On Sunday a great rally of soldiers to the open-air, sisters doing well. Time of blessing in afternoon meeting, and four souls at the mercy seat. Beautiful meeting at night. Mrs. Habbrick spoke with convincing power upon the way that seemeth right to a man. Many hearts touched, but they shirked the cross and would make no definite and open surrender.—Corps Cor.

NELSON, B.C. Capt. Qualto, from Rossland, was present in our Watchnight service. We were glad to see him. Our revival campaign started with a concert, which was followed later by a "drunkard's home." It was the means of bringing two souls to Christ. Altogether five souls have sought salvation, and many more are under conviction. We are praying for them, and want to see lots more coming.—Soldier.

NEW WESTMINSTER. God is indeed wonderfully blessing us in our special revival meetings. The subject for the week ending Jan. 14th was "Backsliders," and on Sunday



Brother and Sister W. James, Orillia.

the "Fall and Renewal of Peter" was specially dealt with in three chapters, commencing at, respectively, 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7.30 p.m. Then a great Ministerial Rally took place. Revs. Bruce, Henderson, Balacough, and Taylor gave beautiful testimonies, and all spoke words of cheer and encouragement to us. The hall was crowded, and many hearts were touched by the Rev. Mr. Barnabough's address. One prodigal returned to Christ.—Dixie 2.

NIAGARA FALLS. Death has visited us and taken away Bro. Lewis, the father of one of our soldiers, Sister Lewis. His loss is felt very keenly by his family. But their loss is heaven's gain. He had set his house in order long before the end came, and was ready to depart. Capt. Loder was with him until the last. The Sunday meetings were times of refreshing. At night God's Spirit strove mightily among the unsaved. Two sisters came back on Monday night and gave themselves to God. We are now getting ready for the Sale of Work which takes place in a few days. We are determined to fight for God and the right, and victory is sure to be ours.—E. J. H., for Capt. Loder.

NORWICH. When informed that our worthy Eight Souls. D. O. Mrs. Adjt. Kendall, would visit us on Jan. 13th and 14th, we could not help but look forward to a wonderful time. Those who have had the privilege of meeting Mrs. Kendall cannot help but feel that she is a woman of God and a thorough Salvationist. On Saturday night a good crowd came to the hall, and God's presence was felt right from the beginning. Many felt the convicting Spirit of God and six raised their hands for prayer. Sunday's meetings, which commenced with kneed-rill, were full of power. Many felt very uncomfortable on account of their sins while listening to the burning words of truth which fell from our leader's lips. At night eight precious souls sought and found pardon. Glory be to God. Crowds and finances both above the average.—Lieut. Harris.

NORTH SYDNEY. Over fifty have knelt at the mercy seat during the last three weeks, amongst them being two backsliders who yielded to the special pleadings of the officers. The converts are being put to work and lead the prayer meetings before the open-air. We are having a soul-saving time.—Treas.

OTTAWA II. We are happy to say that A Drunkard Saved. our ranks are swelling. On Dec. 27th three comrades were enrolled under the Army flag. Capt. F. Heater is leading our little band on to victory. All kinds of sinners are coming to Jesus. One poor backslider, a noted drunkard, came to the penitent form under the influence of drink, but our God delivered him that night. To-day he is a soldier in the great S.A. Since our present officer has taken command here over twenty souls have come to Jesus.—Squirrel.

PARRY SOUND. We are still fighting for God Three Souls. here. For some time we have been without a hall, but have now succeeded in obtaining one for our Sunday meetings. The first meetings conducted in it resulted in three souls seeking salvation.—M. Croucher.

REGINA. The officers, soldiers, and 28 A Midnight Raid. cruits had a sleigh drive out to "Dad" Pencook's farm at Rouleau, fourteen miles south of Regina, on Jan. 12th, when a most enjoyable evening was spent. Our host and hostess fully sustained their reputation for hospitality, and we finished up at 12.40 a.m. Saturday with a prayer meeting. The comrades returned to the Queen City tired but happy.—E. Blenkarn, War Cry Correspondent.

ST. JOHN'S II. During the past week God has Eighteen Souls. been pouring out His Spirit upon us, and sinners and backsliders are returning home to God. We have had the joy of seeing eighteen precious souls kneeling at the cross, fifteen crying for pardon and three for a deeper work. We believe they are going to make good blood-and-fire soldiers. Soldiers, recruits, and converts are doing well and coming out to meetings. Newfoundland soldiers know how to pray and hold on to God; also they can rejoice and dance when victory comes. On Sunday morning, while in the testimony meeting a dear sister came to Christ. At night we had with us Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Morris. Their singing and music was much enjoyed. The Staff-Captain's Bible lesson was indeed helpful, and we felt God was backing home the truths as they were uttered. Two precious souls sought the cleansing blood, one of them being the wife of our bandmaster.—An attendant.

SIMCOE. About a score of seniors and One Soul. Juniors paid a visit to the Norfolk County Home, and were heartily received by the inmates. The Governor made us feel right at home, and we left with an invitation to come again. On Thursday Adjt. and Mrs. Kendall visited us and enrolled a number of soldiers. On Sunday a grand dedication service was held, and two baby boys were presented to the Lord. One soul plunged in the fountain.—W. J. and A. B. Hancock.

SPRINGHILL MINES. On Sunday, after much Five Souls. fighting and praying, we had the joy of seeing five souls at the mercy seat. The meetings were led by our beloved officers, Ensign and Mrs. Cornish, Lieut. Emery. The band and soldiers all worked hard. Our string band to progressing well under the leadership of our Lieutenant. Our sister soldiers hold a women's aid meeting every fortnight for the purpose of furnishing the new quarters.—Sister Hyslop.

STRATFORD. We had a visit from Staff-Capt. Bioscope Visit. and Mrs. McLean and assistants, who gave a beautiful service. The animated pictures explained our work so well as giving an imaginary trip round the world. Soldiers are attending better, and even Sister Jackson got out again. Praise God.—A. Haldane.

WOODSTOCK, Ont. Joyful news of last Sunday's Four Souls. meetings, led by Ensign Jarvis. Four rebels captured and our two months' special fight here. We pray that our special Thursday night's meeting will prove a success. We are after the sinners and backsliders. God bless our Ensign, who has labored with his dear wife sick for a month. We all pray she will soon be in our midst again.—Timothy.

WOODSTOCK, N.B. God has been wonderfully A Baby Band. working here. Since New Year's Day we can report thirty souls. Every Monday the officers have a meeting for the children. Twenty have already sought Christ and testify to His power to save. Our baby band of six instruments helps greatly to attract a crowd.—J. T. M.

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SPECIAL EVENTS.

In Newfoundland Camps.

Tramps and Sleigh-Rides in Snow Storms—Six Souls Saved in Meetings Held in Lumber Camps.

I have just got back from a visit to the lumber camps. On Thursday morning, the 9th inst., I started off. It was a beautiful morning, and after walking about six miles I arrived at what is called the Depot Camp. This is the place where the supplies are kept for the other camps. I enquired from the man in charge where the nearest camp lay, and how far it was. After getting the necessary information I started off for Mr. Jewer's camp, about a mile and a quarter from the Depot. I arrived there all O. K. The cook quickly got something for me to eat and I had a little rest. After the men had done work for the day and had taken their suppers we started our meeting. We had a nice time.

Next morning I started off again for the next camp, which was seven or eight miles further in. A snow storm had raged during the night, and the road was all snowed up, which made it very difficult walking. I travelled to the Depot and waited for the portage, who happened to be Bro. Hart, one of the soldiers of this corps. After getting something to eat we started on our eight-mile ride on the portage sled, with a few sacks of oats and ox feed. It was a very snowy road, so we could not go very fast, but we arrived in the camp some time in the afternoon. This camp is run by Sergt.-Major Sherwin. We had a meeting at night and God met with us and blessed us richly. The boys listened very attentively and joined heartily in the singing.

Thursday afternoon the Sergeant-Major and myself started for Mr. Hancock's camp, and after an hour and a half's hard walk through the snow we arrived there safe and sound. The cook soon got something for us to eat, and by-and-by the boys came in from their day's toil, and we retired to what is known as the "fore peak" (where the boss stays) until the men had taken their supper. After supper we started our meeting, and although there was not a saved man in the crowd but the Sergeant-Major and myself, yet we had a blessed time, and the cook remarked after the meeting that it was the best hour they had spent since they came to camp. After meeting we walked back again to Mr. Sherwin's camp, arriving about ten o'clock. The camp rules are that all lights are to be out at nine o'clock, but the cook had kindly waited up and had a lunch prepared for us.

Next morning, at daylight, I started for Mr. Lidstone's camp, which lay between Mr. Sherwin's camp and home, but I had to go in a different direction to what I had come. I started off with snowshoes, down what is called Northern Brook. When I got a considerable distance down the brook I broke through a bad place in the ice, it being covered so with snow so that I could not see it. As I was near the bank I soon got out again, receiving no damage except my wet foot and a little bit of a fright. I thought then I would try the shore, but the snow was so deep, and it was so much better walking on the ice, that I ventured on the brook again. This time I took a stick to try the firmness of the ice. I went on a little way when I broke through again, so I left the brook and stuck to terra firma till I came to a horse and sled track. Thinking it was safe for me to follow in the steps of the horse I ventured once more on the brook. In a little while I came to a small camp on the left bank of the river, and on going in I found no person at home, the men being away cutting logs. I took a mug from the table, and going to the river filled it with water. The molasses mug was on the table, but it was empty. So I went to the keg, which was at the door, and drew some with which I sweetened the water, and taking a bun out of my pocket I had a lunch. I then wrote a note telling them I had called, and started off again down the river. I had not gone far when I heard some person chattering, who turned out to be one of Mr. Lidstone's men. I went up to the camp and found I was just in time for dinner. There are three converted people in this camp. One of them is a soldier from Twillingate, John Shepherd, a brother of Mrs. Ensign Moulton. We had a splendid meeting at night. I sang the song entitled, "A boy's best friend is his mother," which was very appropriate, as the most of the crowd were young fellows away from home. One man was so delighted with the song that he desired me to write it off for him.

I started next morning for home by what the boys call the one-legged road, which is just a foot path through the woods. I arrived home about eleven o'clock Saturday morning, tired but happy.

While I was away six souls professed conversion in the meetings held by the soldiers.—R. Bowering, Capt.

In Western Lumber Camps.

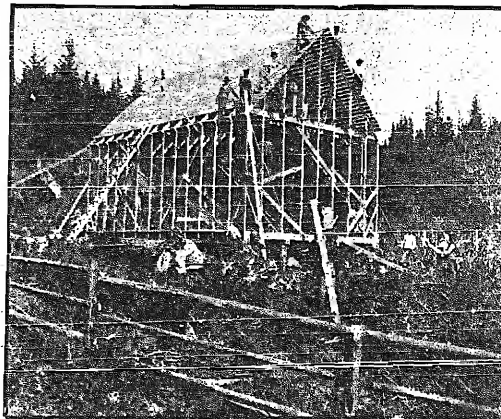
Adventures with a Financial Special—Losing the Trail—A Runaway.

The financial specials of our corps left for a visit to the bush camps on Monday, Jan. 8th. Huddled up in the robes and behind a lively team we glided across the lakes to Telford's No. 1 Camp, at Sturgeon Lake, arriving there at 4 p.m. There we took up our headquarters, the office being given us for our special benefit. We had a meeting in the dining camp in the evening, which was well attended, and was a blessing to all. Next day, having some spare time, we visited the men working in the woods. In the forenoon we had a ride on a load of logs with Bro. Willis. Lieut. Leadman handled the lines while Capt. Willis and myself stood up on top of the load. At noon we made our coffee and did very well.

After dinner we again mounted a load of logs and descended the big hill to the dumping place on the lake, a trip which we will all remember.

We then left for Sanderson's Camp No. 1, a distance of four miles. We held a good meeting and took a good collection. After meeting we returned to headquarters.

Next morning we left for Telford No. 4 Camp, a distance of thirty miles over a rough road. Just after starting up the lake we took the wrong road. The Lieutenant drove us up to a hay stack, but as there was no one there we held no meeting. We retraced our way back to the lake, and then struck the right road and arrived at Camp No. 4 at 1.30 p.m. We found a big cook there (weighing 225 lbs.) all smiles, and after a good hot dinner we were soon thawed out.



Native Barracks at Kake, Alaska, under construction.

Sergt. Newton directed the work, which was completed recently, and the opening of the new building took place at Christmas, when Adjutant Smith was present. It was raised entirely by the money and labor contributed by the soldiers of Kake.

and ready for a good meeting. We got a good collection and everyone enjoyed themselves. After meeting we had a good hot lunch, hooked up our team, and started back to headquarters. We had only gone about one mile when the pole left one side of the cutter, so we had to stop and repair, using our halters to tie up with. After a rather rough drive we arrived at headquarters, No. 1.

Next we went to Sanderson's No. 2, where Mr. and Mrs. Headricks made us welcome and happy by a good hearty handshake and a hot supper. We held a meeting and stayed there all night.

Then we started for Cowan's Camp, a distance of twenty-two miles, but by making a slight mistake we went about thirty miles. At the camp we found Jake Turner, the cook (an old friend of the Army), smiling and welcoming us to a good hot dinner. The driving made us all eat like threshers. Here also we had a good meeting and collection.

Next day we visited Cowan's Dump Camp, where we found Cook Duncan up to his eyes in work getting dinner. Of course we partook of some, and went on to Telford's No. 2, where we found two of our soldiers still shining for God. We had a good rousing meeting here, some bright testimonies from our comrades and good singing.

On Sunday, as we had two appointments, we left No. 2 at 9.30, and after going about one mile and a half we hit a stump and broke the double-tree. The horses snatched the lines from my hands and tore down the trail, leaving us sitting in the sleigh. After running about a mile they were stopped by a one-horse team, so we got fixed up with hay wire and arrived at Mr. Duncan's camp by 11.30. We fixed up the breakage and started for Shonnon's Mill, arriving safe at 4 p.m. We stayed at Mrs. Wilson's

and held a meeting at Mill Camp in the evening, where we spent a very profitable hour. On Monday we visited all the families around the mill and at noon did our collecting.

In the afternoon we made our way to the bush camp of the Sturgeon Lake Lumber Co., and cheered the hearts of many by our visit. We had a splendid meeting and the best collection of all. After meeting we had the usual hot lunch, and started back to Mrs. Wilson's.

Tuesday we spent in reckoning up, and the Captain and Lieutenant did some writing with Mr. Wilson's typewriter in the office. After dinner we started for home, stopping at the half-way to warm up and partake of some of the cook's good dishes. Then we started off again for Prince Albert. A slight accident happened on the way—the hay wire gave out. No one was hurt, and we arrived safe home at nine o'clock on Jan. 16th. We drove 311 miles, and collected \$220.—Cand. Wm. Forbes, of the Financial Specials.

New Ontario Items.

The Divisional Officer on the Warpath.

Barrie was the first place on the list on this trip. We spent the week-end in this splendid Army town, and had a magnificent time. Capt. Jordan has just returned from a well-earned furlough, and with Capt. Plant, who has been supplying for him, and who is staying on for a few weeks to assist until the change is pushing the war. We conducted a service in the fall here in the afternoon, in which twelve prisoners held up their hands expressing their desire to live better lives. The public meetings were well attended, and much blessing was received throughout. The holiness meeting was especially a time of blessing, and one young man came to the cleansing stream. In the open-air meeting at night a man who had been drinking stout and listened attentively and then followed to the barracks, where he afterwards gave his heart to God. This brother had professed infidelity for years. He was followed by four others, making six for the day.

Monday, accompanied by Capt. Jordan, we went to Collingwood, where we found the officers glorifying in a great revival that had been going on since New Year's, in which over forty have been won for God. We had a tremendous crowd in the open-air, and the barracks were packed almost to suffocation. The Brigadier lectured on his twenty-one years' S. A. experience, and after a little talk by Capt. Jordan, and an invitation to the unsaved, five souls came out and sought God, amongst others an ex-treasurer of the corps. Ensign Wilson and Capt. Porter are doing their best to keep the Gospel chariot rolling on and God is surely blessing their efforts.

Tuesday we took a load of the Collingwood braves over to give our Mesford comrades a lift. The roads were bad and it stormed all the afternoon, so that it was about 8.30 p.m. when we arrived at the barracks. We had not time for tea, and went right into the meeting. We had a very enjoyable time, and one young man who had been in the meeting at Collingwood the previous night came forward and claimed salvation through Jesus. Captain Whales has had a hard fight and has faithfully done her part for the salvation of the people of this town.

A few days at the office, then off to Oranmore. A number of comrades, with the officers and the Lindsay "Baby Brass Band" drove over for the meeting. Truly we had a good time, and God's Spirit was felt and at the close of the meeting three came to God—the third one being an ex-Salvationist, who came with a broken heart, and wept in genuine repentance at the foot of the cross. Capt. Brass and her assistants are much loved. Their music and singing is a great attraction, and God has blessed their efforts in the salvation of a number of souls.

Kinnmount Circle was visited next. We were met by Lieut. Lloyd and driven nine miles to Norland, where we arrived in time for a cup of tea and then away to the meeting in the cosy little outpost barracks. A good crowd had assembled and we spent a most profitable time together. The Brigadier spoke on the work of the Army and made special reference to the work amongst the prisoners, in which all hands were greatly interested. This place has not had a visit from a Provincial Officer for about ten years before. Needless to say the Brigadier's visit was much appreciated. The next night we had a musical meeting at Kinnmount, and a very enjoyable and profitable evening was spent. The string band, got up for the occasion, was much appreciated. The music and singing went well. Capt. "Cheer Up" Minnis played several tunes on his latest instrument, the "echophone."

Fenelon Falls was the next place on the list, and Capt. Minnis accompanied the Brigadier and rendered very valuable assistance with his violin and songs. Capt. and Mrs. Beattie are full of faith for a

big revival here. At a soldiers' and ex-soldiers' tea recently about eighty soldiers, ex-soldiers, and old-time friends were present, and the Captain was delighted with the spirit which prevailed. There was much conviction in the meeting and one ex-candidate left the building weeping bitterly and went sobbing down the street. We are looking for a report of a great smash here.

We were met at Lindsay by the Divisional Cashier, with a bundle of letters and Divisional matters, which were dispensed with during Saturday. Ensign and Mrs. Leadley had arranged a "bean social" for the Saturday night, which was well patronized. The meeting in the barracks was a very happy one and enjoyed by all. Sunday was a good day. The attendance at knee-drill was small, but those present received a blessing. God came very near in the holiness meeting, and two sisters surrendered themselves fully to God. In the afternoon the Brigadier commissioned eleven locals, and then left the meeting to Capt. Pescoco, while he, with Ensign Leadley, visited the jail. On our return to the barracks we found the prayer meeting still in progress and two more at the penitent form, followed soon after by a third—a man who had once been an evangelist. We had a splendid audience at night, and much conviction, with three more for salvation, making eight for the day. Go on, Lindsay. Have faith in God.—Traveler.

The Wanderings of the Tramp.

Opening of Special Campaign in Halifax.

Colonel and Mrs. Sharp picked up the Tramp at Truro and took him into Halifax to get his soul blessed. The train was two hours late, and didn't get in till 8 p.m. We were met at the station by Capt. Smith, and escorted to the Garrison St. barracks, where the Colonel was announced to start a special soul-saving campaign. The Tramp and Capt. Riley caught the march with cornet and guitar, and had a little pitch-in. The inside meeting was a live affair, which resulted in three souls coming to the cross. Two professed salvation.

The comrades of No. II. have been looking forward to this campaign for a long time. The junior locals greatly appreciated the forethought of the Colonel to come and speak to the children. Adjt. Wiggins and the No. I. brass band assisted in this series of meetings, and there is no denying the fact that Bandmaster Heister has spent a great deal of time preparing for them. They're no toy band, for they can pray and toll till the last minute for souls.

The Sunday morning holiness meeting proved a panacea to the weary and hungry soul. The testimonies were confined to the officers present. At the close six came forward for holiness. Our souls were well filled for the afternoon battle. At the moment appointed all hands ministered for the Tramp, and a monster open-air meeting was the result. It was in reality an old-time free-and-easy. A first-class audience was kept interested from start till finish. Mrs. Sharp read from God's Word and delivered a very touching address, and the Colonel brought the meeting to a close with three souls in the fountain. Two of them were married, and the prettiest sight I ever saw was the young mother at the penitent form and her little daughter of four years toddling up behind her. As she knelt there she tucked the dear lamb beneath her arm while seeking Jesus. The husband could not stand this so he also came and knelt by her side. He threw out his pipe and tobacco and got properly saved. I was not forget to mention the singing of "The King's Business," by Capt. Riley.

The night meeting was the climax of the day. Adjt. Thompson and Wiggins gave vent to the joy that filled them, and Mrs. Sharp spoke to the hearts of the people in a very forcible manner. A solo from Capt. Riley preceded the Colonel's address. The latter was full of pithy sayings and brought conviction to many souls. Two surrendered. One of them is a sea captain who had been a faithful soldier of this corps years ago. He gave a bright testimony and will be a great encouragement to the comrades of the corps, who love him very dearly.

Monday night broke all records for the week-end. Capt. and Mrs. Smith had prepared a feast, which started at 5 p.m. and kept up till 3 p.m. It brought quite a little amount into the coffers. This meeting was announced to be a special musical meeting, and no one can say to the contrary. Bandmaster Heister has a happy knack of drawing out what music there is in the band, and this night proved no exception to the rule.

Mrs. Sharp and Capt. Riley sang a duet, which went well. Staff-Capt. Holman and Capt. Wilks, of the Rescue Home, sang a duet to the delight of the audience. Adjt. Thompson gave a reading, "A Knotty Problem," which brought the house down. I might say that this reading was taken from the War Cry, being a report from Fort Simpson, B.C., by Adjt. S. Blackburn. Bandmaster Heister's cornet solo was a magnificent finish. The Colonel then dealt with the large crowd present in a marvellous manner and one soul sought God. At a very late hour we arrived at our different abodes and the Tramp left on the early morning train for other parts—Yours with pleasant memories of the campaign, Eastern Tramp.



Josephine Poore and family, Chatham, Ont.

Brantford District Notes.

Brantford.—We are pushing ahead here and winning victories. Eight souls came forward for holiness in Friday night's meeting and three for salvation on Sunday. The immigration man (Capt. Bat-trick) was with us for a special service during the week. One young man sought salvation. The League of Mercy is doing a good service. They conduct services in the jail every Sunday and the sisters visit the hospital each week giving away War Cry. They also conduct meetings in the Widows' Home once a month, and conduct services in the House of Refuge. The junior work is going ahead under the direction of a good staff of workers. The new locals are doing their duties well and the band is making good progress. The War Cry is being boomed successfully, and with plenty of blood-and-fire spirit we shall win all round.

Paris.—This is an old battleground of the Salvation Army and a very good work has been done. Some years ago a barracks was built, and owing to the devotion of both officers and soldiers, the work prospered. One of the old warriors who stood by the flag in the early days has recently been promoted to glory, namely, Father Miller. A number of others are still fighting on. Treas. McLaughlin and the Crawford family amongst them. About three months ago Brigadier Hargrave started a scheme to repair the barracks, which has been much wear and tear during the years it has been standing. Capt. Bonny was sent in and the matter laid before the locals and soldiers, with the result that to-day they have a nice clean barracks, with excellent heating and lighting arrangements. The re-opening of the barracks took place on the 20th of January, and in spite of bad weather and other things, quite a good meeting took place, and \$20 was added to the funds of the corps.

Norwich.—Mrs. Kendall put in a week-end at Norwich. There is quite a revival stir here, and everyone is looking forward with great expectations. They had good times, with big crowds, and eight souls for salvation. May God continue His work in this place.

Tillsonburg.—Mrs. Kendall, with the officers from Norwich, visited Tillsonburg on Monday night. Capt. Hingley had done her best to get a good crowd, but this is rather a hard place. Oh, for a mighty stir here! The officers are putting up a good fight and paying off the old debt and praying for spiritual victories.

Simcoe.—We visited here on Thursday. Ensign and Mrs. Hancock are pushing things. They had made early preparations for a real good welcome, and we had the pleasure of staying under their roof for the night. We had a grand meeting, a real old-fashioned salvation time and an enrolment of recruits.—Adjt. Kendall.

Celery Pickle.—Chop the celery very fine and to two quarts add half a cup of white mustard seed, quarter ounce white ginger root, quarter of an ounce of turmeric, one tablespoon salt, and four tablespoons sugar. Heat the vinegar, sugar and ginger root (sliced) together for fifteen minutes; then strain; mix celery, salt and mustard seed together; add to the hot vinegar and simmer gently until celery is tender; bottle when cold. Add a few chopped Chili peppers if you like a hot sauce.

Special Revival Solo.

LOOKING FOR THEE.

Many a year thou hast wandered
Blindly and heedlessly on,
Grasping each earthly delusion,
Finding its pleasures all gone.
Restless and weary within,
Longing from sin to be free,
Sweet is the message to-day,
Jesus is looking for thee.

Chorus.

Jesus is looking for thee,
Sweet is the message to-day,
Jesus is looking for thee.

Think of thy youth, o'er its power
Trace thence the path thou hast trod,
See how each step of the journey
Hast borne thee further from God.
Yet in His wonderful love,
Showing His mercy so free,
Seeking to save and to bless,
Jesus is looking for thee.

HEALTH HINTS

SLEEP.

Man is unable to live very long without sleep, even when he does not weary his body by activities. It he cannot sleep, his vigor wanes, his courage vanishes, his mind becomes blurred, and life soon passes away. It is said that a plump, healthy person will ordinarily retain his sanity longer without nourishment than he will without slumber. Experience and the best authorities agree as to the truth of this statement.

A bed-room should be furnished with comfort, but this does not mean that it should be frantically or showily ornamented. Every piece of furniture should be practically useful and should contribute to the ease of the occupant, all the decorations should be quiet and restful in coloring and design, and the arrangement of the bed and the facilities for ventilation should be such as to ensure perfect breathing, which is, of course, the only activity of a healthy sleeper.

Bed-rooms that are dimly lighted during the day are less pure and cleanly than those which are pervaded by an abundance of sunshine or brilliant daylight; for with the light may come fresh air, the oxygen in which is a most efficacious purifier of contaminated atmospheres that would otherwise be seriously injurious to health. Artificially lighted bed-rooms are more pernicious than those that are always dark, because the flames of gas, candles, or lamps consume what little pure air finds its way into the windowless room.

It is not generally known that a turned-down gas jet is more injurious than one fully ablaze, since an escape of the poisonous elements in the gas is thus made inevitable. A lamp blaze that is turned low is highly destructive of oxygen, and it allows dangerous quantities to be thrown off into the air by its low combustion. The electric light generates very little heat, and it has no appreciable effect upon those elements in the atmosphere that are necessary to human life.

Beds are too often placed in the most out-of-the-way corners of rooms, as if it did not matter whether or not the air could sweep across them and purify it. The important fact being overlooked that exhalations from the body will linger in and about a couch until they are carried away by currents of air. Oxygen has a decidedly cleansing effect upon most textures, and nature uses this method to rectify ills whenever she gets an opportunity.

A person with a narrow chest and a throat and lungs that are not over-strong should sleep in a large and perfectly aired room, and the bed should be placed as nearly in the centre of the apartment as possible. If such a person could sleep in a roomed open space, with an abundance of woollen wrappings to keep him warm, his lungs would quickly broaden his chest, and his general vitality would be largely increased. Alcoves or recesses for beds are abominations.

A distinguished writer on this subject says: "Fresh air is the great disinfecting agent in nature, tending constantly to dilute and remove all pernicious emanations what whatever source; and in proportion as we confine or restrain it, do we foster and propagate disease." The same authority recommends growing flowerless plants in bed-rooms, because in the dark as well as under the sunlight green vegetation of all kinds throws off oxygen and absorbs the impurities that are to be found in every close room, especially carbonic acid and gas. Flowers and ripening fruits, however, consume oxygen, and should never be allowed in a room where anyone is sleeping, for any length of time where an infant or a very sensitive invalid is lying.

All heavy hangings should be avoided. Flannel sheets are best in winter, and flannel blankets should be invariably used in cold weather by persons of delicate health. Many delicate persons have received distinct benefit from the use of sheets made of the fine, thin baby flannel, sometimes called woolen hatiste. This material is not so warm as cotton in summer, and is more whole some than linen or silk.

(To be con-cluded.)

Human

"Hold Thou my hand,
helpless,
I dare not take on
Hold Thou my hand,
Saviour,
No dread of ill shall

A MOST pathetic
sion of cripples
shrine of St. An-
age is inspired by
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may be seen human
with twisted or sh-
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single crutch; and
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were obliged to use

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through some flaw;
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various causes, re-
One sad instance
young girl, whose s-
suffering, was pain-
leaning upon a sh-
thus her slender for-
natural shape, and
not been accommod-
pate to her need.
Dorothea's affliction
her physical growth
this crutch had ser-
gained strength it l-
old support ought to
more suitable size;
well worn crutch, sh-
any other, and in the
had become contract-

Do not such cases
of character, who are
weak and insecure s-
instance, are leaning
friendship as they j-
way. It may be up-
their straying feet
sin, into the paths o-
too implicitly upon
glected to reach out-
is the birthright of
while their aspirati-
limits, and alas! his
ing incapable of re-
were left alone, a pro-
spiritual helplessness
such a crisis depend-
the world!

They are but spir-
reach their goal be-
crutches," leaving th-
their soul's power
effort. Assuredly h-
precious; without it
be desolate, but in
we must lean upon
even upon Christ.

Then let the storm
path, the forces of te-
the powers of darkn-
His strong arm wha-

"Earthly friends m-
One day soothe, th-
But this Friend w-
Oh, how He k-

Pride is a wild be-
costly food—the hap-
all around him.

You may glean kn-
you must separate t-
by thinking.

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the journey
her from God.
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so free,
bless,
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HINTS

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some than linen or silk.
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Human Crutches.

By Silverpen.

"Hold Thou my hand! So weak am I, and helpless,
I dare not take one step without Thine aid;
Hold Thou my hand! For then, O loving Saviour,
No dread of ill shall make my soul afraid."

R MOST pathetic spectacle is the procession of cripples journeying toward the shrine of St. Anne, whose weary pilgrimage is inspired by the hope of a miraculous restoration to health and vigor. Among them may be seen human beings of all ages, who, with twisted or shrunken limbs, move forward to their destination by the aid of crutches designed according to the physical infirmity of each unfortunate. Here was a man with a withered leg, who leaned upon a single crutch; another, a boy, whose limbs were of unequal length, managed to get along by the assistance of a stout stick; while many were obliged to use a pair of crutches.

Some of the supports were strong, and scientifically constructed; others, though apparently reliable, had been rendered unsafe through some flaw; and not a few, that had at one time proved helpful, were now, through various causes, rendered unsuitable for use. One sad instance won my sympathy: A young girl, whose sweet, patient face told of suffering, was painfully hastening onward, leaning upon a short crutch; as she leaned thus her slender form was drawn into an unnatural shape, and I wondered why she had not been accommodated with one more appropriate to her need. It was a sad story. Dorothea's affliction had for years hindered her physical growth, and during that period this crutch had served its purpose. As she gained strength it became apparent that the old support ought to be discarded for one of more suitable size; but the girl clung to her well worn crutch, stubbornly refusing to use any other, and in the course of time her figure had become contracted and deformed.

Do not such cases represent different types of character, who are vainly depending upon weak and insecure supports. How many, for instance, are leaning upon the prop of human friendship as they journey along life's stormy way. It may be upon one who first guided their straying feet from the broad ways of sin, into the paths of righteousness; trusting too implicitly upon his judgment, they neglected to reach out for the Higher Aid that is the birthright of God's children. After a while their aspirations soared beyond his limits, and, alas! his strength and faith proving incapable of reaching their ideal, they were left alone, a prey to shattered hopes and spiritual helplessness. No wonder that at such a crisis dependent souls fall back upon the world!

They are but spiritual cripples, aiming to reach their goal by the aid of "human crutches," leaving the glorious possibilities of their soul's power undeveloped, for lack of effort. Assuredly human friendship is most precious; without it this world would indeed be desolate, but in order to acquire strength we must lean upon a more reliable support, even upon Christ.

Then let the storms of life sweep across our path, the forces of temptation surround us, or the powers of darkness assail, trusting upon His strong arm what need have we to fear?

"Earthly friends may fail and leave us!
One day soothe, the next deceive us!
But this Friend will never leave us;
Oh, how He loves!"

Pride is a wild beast, which requires very costly food—the happiness of its keeper, and all around him.

You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

THE WAR CRY.

The Silent March.

By Margaret E. Sangster.

When the march begins in the morning,
And the heart and the foot are light;
When the flags are all a-flutter,
And the world is gay and bright;
When the bugles lead the column,
And the drums are proud in the van,
It's shoulder to shoulder, forward, march!
Ah, let him lag who can!

For it is easy to march to music,
With your comrades all in line,
And you don't get tired, you feel inspired,
And life is a draught divine.

When the march drags on at evening,
And the color-bearer's gone,
When the merry strains are silent
That piped so brave in the dawn;
When you miss the dear old fellows
Who started out with you,
When it's stubborn and sturdy, forward
march!

Though the ragged lines are few.

Then it's hard to march in silence,
And the road has lonesome grown,
And life is a bitter cup to drink;
But the soldier must not moan.

And this is the task before us,
A task we may never shirk,
In the gay time and the sorrowful time
We must march and do our work.
We must march when the music cheers us,
March when the strains are dumb,
Plucky and valiant, forward, march!
And smile, whatever may come.

For, whether life's hard or easy,
The strong man keeps the pace;
For the desolate march and the silent
The strong soul finds the grace.

HINTS FOR EVERYBODY.

Advice is like snow—the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon the mind, and the deeper it sinks.

Troubles are like babies, they grow bigger by nursing.

Not the rich, but the wise, avoid misery, and become happy and blessed.

The trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much gold there is in us.

If a man cannot find ease in himself, it is to little purpose to seek it elsewhere.

The more a man accomplishes the more he may. An active tool never grows rusty.

Beware of judging hastily; it is better to suspend an opinion than to retract an assertion.

Plain honesty is the very best kind of politeness, and temperance is the very best physician.

He is the wise man who, with a good grace, accommodates himself to the things or necessity.

It is the work of a true man to be every day subduing his passions, and laying aside his prejudices.

TENDERNESS.

A gentle word soothes anger, just as water puts out a fire, and there is no soil so barren but that tenderness brings forth some fruit. Who can be angry with those whose only weapons are pearls and diamonds? Nothing is so bitter as unripe fruit, but, when preserved, it is sweet and palatable. So reproach is naturally bitter, but mixed with the sugar of kindness and heated by the fire of charity, it becomes cordial, gracious and acceptable.—St. Francis de Sales.



By Mrs. Blanche Johnston, Secretary.
BIBLE LESSONS FOR PRAYING LEAGUE MEMBERS.

Sunday, Feb. 13.—One Nation and One King.—Ezek. Monday, Feb. 19.—The Vision of Living Waters.—Ezek. xlvii. 1-12.
Tuesday, Feb. 20.—Abstainers.—Dan. i. 1-21.
Wednesday, Feb. 21.—Prove Yourself.—Dan. ii. 1-16.
Thursday, Feb. 22.—The Only Revealer.—Dan. ii. 17-30.
Friday, Feb. 23.—A Vision of the Future.—Dan. ii. 31-48.
Saturday, Feb. 24.—The Image of God.—Dan. iii. 1-12.

An Answer to Prayer in the Rescue Work.
During the many years I was Superintendent of the Rescue and League of Mercy Work I knew of many answers to prayer. I remember on one occasion we were opening a large new Home. It had been the earnest desire of the Rescue Officers and myself that the Home should be opened free of debt. There had been much faithful preparatory work and fervent prayer with this end in view. On the morning of my arrival in the city for the opening ceremony the Matron assured me that all the money for the initial expense was in hand except some fifty dollars—thirty for some repairs on the Home and twenty for some new furniture.

"I hope, Adjutant," I remarked, "we shall be able to collect that sum to-day, as I am very anxious to announce the fact in our inaugural service that all money contributed through these special services will be devoted to the future extension of the work."

"Ah," exclaimed the Adjutant, "I believe the Lord will send the money; we have made it a matter of special prayer."

"I sincerely trust so," was my answer.
Less than half an hour had passed, for we still sat planning the best way to divide the time so that all the pressing engagements of the next few days might be filled, when an officer brought in the morning mail. Only one letter, a bulky one, addressed, "Rescue Home." We opened it and we found five ten-dollar bills, with a tiny scrap of paper inscribed, "For Jesus' sake."

Our hearts were filled to overflowing with gratitude to God for so sweetly answering our prayers and sending up just the money we required for our needs.

I pass on this personal testimony to the willingness of our Father to answer the prayers offered for His glory and in the interests of His Kingdom's extension.

Members Retain Their Pledge Card.

I promise to pray every day for an outpouring of the Spirit of God upon His people in all nations, and that the Salvation Army may be inspired to continue its manifold works of mercy and soul-saving at all times and in all places throughout the world.

Signed
Address

The members of the Praying League are asked to give their signature to this simple and comprehensive pledge. Readers will note that though brief and concise, it embraces not only blessing for our own land, but a world-wide inspiration to all people in all lands. Write to the Commissioner at once for a card of membership and to have a share in this prayer service. Some of the members have returned the cards to us. This is a mistake. It is intended that the members retain the card as a reminder of its obligations.

Distance does not diminish the potency of prayer.



6247. OSBORNE, GEORGE

situations, as well as to take a kindly interest in girls whose home is outside the city, and are ready to assist them in all possible ways.

Songs of the Week

Competition Set, No. 8.

SELECTED BY LIEUTENANT F. BOOCOCK,
ORANGEVILLE.

HOLINESS.

Tune.—While the Days are Going by.

- 1 There are wants my heart is telling,
While the Spirit passes by!
And with hope my soul is swelling,
While the Spirit passes by!
Oh, what prospects now I see,
What a life my life may be,
If Thy seal is placed on me,
While the Spirit passes by!

Chorus.

While the Spirit passes by,
While the Spirit passes by,
Let my heart be sealed for Thee,
While the Spirit passes by.

There are sins my lips confessing,
While the Spirit passes by!
Treasures long my heart possessing,
While the Spirit passes by!
All the world's delight and cheer,
All the things I held so dear,
Ah, how worthless they appear,
While the Spirit passes by!

Here I stand, myself disdaining,
While the Spirit passes by!
Stand in faith Thy mercy claiming,
While the Spirit passes by!
Let Thy power my soul refine,
Let Thy grace my will incline,
Take my all and make it Thine,
While the Spirit passes by!

I WILL TRUST THEE.

Tune.—N.B.B. 163.

- 2 Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge,
Safety for my trembling soul,
Power to lift my head when drooping,
Midst the angry billows' roll;
I will trust Thee,
All my life Thee shalt control.

In the past too unbelieving
Midst the tempest I have been,
And my heart has slowly trusted
What my eyes have never seen;
Blessed Jesus,
Teach me on Thy arm to lean.

Oh, for trust that brings the triumph
When defeat seems strangely near!
Oh, for faith that changes fighting
Into victory's ringing cheer!
Faith triumphant,
Knowing not defeat or fear.

OH, HOW HAPPY ARE WE!

Tune.—N.B.B. 198.

- 3 Oh, how happy are we who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up our treasures above;
Tongue can never express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul filled with Jesus' love.

Chorus.

We'll all about "Hallelujah!" as we march along the way,
And we'll sing our Saviour's love
With the shining hosts above,
And with Jesus we'll be happy all the day.

That sweet comfort is mine, now the favor Divine
I have got through the blood of the Lamb;
With my heart I believe, and what joy I receive,
What a heaven in Jesus' name.

'Tis a heaven below my Redeemer to know:
The angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at His feet, and the story repeat,
And the Lover of Sinners adore.

Jesus all the day long is my sun and my song;
Oh, that all His salvation might see!
He doth love me, I cry, He did suffer and die,
All to save such a rebel as me.

FREE-AND-EASY.

Tune.—N.B.B. 179.

- 4 Gone are the days of wretchedness and sin;
Gone are the hours of conflict fierce within;
Gone far away, no more my soul to know,
My heart my Saviour's blood is keeping white as snow.

Chorus.
I'm happy, I'm happy, for with Jesus now I live,
And constant peace, and joy, and comfort He doth give.

Gone are the doubts of a soul that dare not trust;
Gone are the fears of hearts by sorrow crushed;
Gone, by the blood swept far from me away,
And now I live in constant rapture night and day.

Come are the joys of a heart in blood washed white;
Come is the peace of a conscience pure and right;
Come to my heart, there for ever to remain;
"For me to live is Christ" henceforth, and death is gain.

SALVATION.

Tune.—N.B.B. 123.

- 5 There is a better world, they say,
Oh, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
Oh, so bright!
There music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold, and mansions fair,
Oh, so bright!

But wicked things, and beasts of prey
Come not there!
And ruthless death, and fierce decay,
Come not there!
There all are holy, all are good,
But hearts unwashed in Jesus' blood,
And guilty sinners unrepent,
Come not there!

Though we are sinners, every one,
Jesus died!
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died!
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of glory reign,
Jesus died!

Then parents, sisters, brothers, come,
Come away!
We're bound to reach our Father's home,
Come away!
Oh, come, the time is fleeting past,
And men and things are fading fast,
Our turn will surely come at last,
Come away!

WHY WILL YE DIE?

Tune.—N.B.B. 199.

- 6 Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die
When God, in great mercy, is drawing so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

How vain the delusion that while you delay
Your heart may grow better by staying away!
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain
To soothe your affliction or banish your pain,
To bear up your spirits when summoned to die,
Or take you to Christ in the clouds of the sky?

Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

SOLO.

Power in the Blood.

- 7 Would you be free from your burden of sin?
There's power in the blood, power in the blood!
Would you o'er evil a victory win,
There's wonderful power in the blood.

Chorus.

There's power, power, wonder-working power
In the blood of the Lamb;
There's power, power, wonder-working power
In the precious blood of the Lamb.

Would you be free from your passion and pride?
There's power in the blood, power in the blood!
Come for a cleansing to Calvary's tide,
There's wonderful power in the blood.

Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow,
There's power in the blood, power in the blood!
Sin-stains are lost in its life-giving flow,
There's wonderful power in the blood.

Would you do service for Jesus, your King?
There's power in the blood, power in the blood!
Would you live daily His praises to sing?
There's wonderful power in the blood.

Monday, February 19th, 1906.

GREAT DEMONSTRATION

IN THE

MASSEY MUSIC HALL,

TO CELEBRATE

The Anniversary of the Prison and Rescue Work, and Welcome Home to COMMISSIONER COOMBS,

WHO WILL EXPLAIN

General Booth's Colonization and Immigration Scheme.

THE HON. J. P. WHITNEY, PREMIER OF ONTARIO,
IN THE CHAIR, SUPPORTED BY MANY PROMINENT PUBLIC GENTLEMEN.

Fifty New Officers will be Commissioned
FOR WORK IN ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION.

DOORS OPEN AT 7.30 P.M.

SILVER OFFERING.

Victoria Street Entrance will be Open at 6.30 p.m. for Holders of Early-Door Tickets.

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